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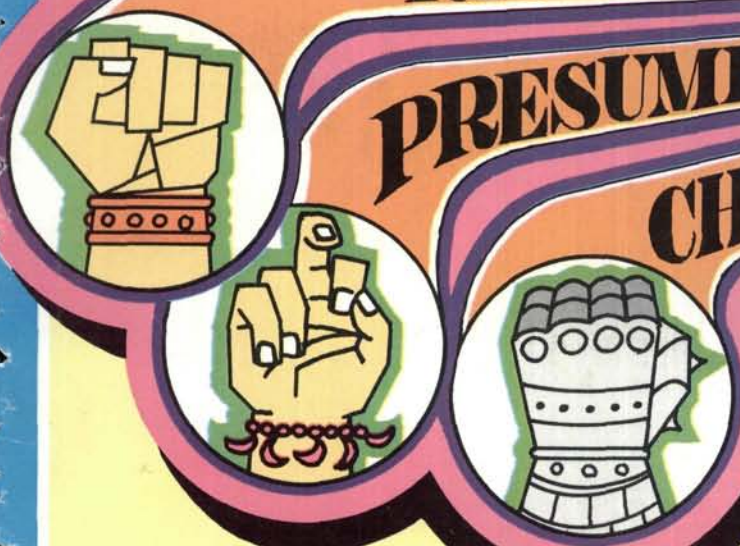
NATIONAL REVIEW

Robert D. Novak on Bernstein-Woodward and Magruder

D. Keith Mano on Philip Roth

Gay RIGHTS? PRESUMPTION? CHAUVINISM?



An Exchange:

Ernest van den Haag
David Brudnoy

James Burnham on Yugoslavia ◆ Linda Bridges on Soviet Mental Hospitals ◆ Wm. F. Rickenbacker on Controlled Industries that Go PFFT ... e Will, Ruth Berenson, ... a

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SHOULD AULD AQUINAS BE FORGOT?

Irish writer shows how the old Catholic faith can stand up—nicely—against contemporary attacks (both within and outside the Church).

"Simple faith is all very well," writes Irish novelist John Sheridan, "but it takes a heavy battering in days when attacks come from within the Church as well as from without." So Mr. Sheridan sets out to show today's Catholic "the reasons for the faith that is in him." He first reviews the questions that divide all believers (not only Catholics) from agnostics and atheists: the roots of knowledge, the reality of man's spiritual soul, original sin, man's special creation, the existence of God, the moral law, free will, the problem of evil. Next he probes the positions that divide Catholics and other Christians from most of their fellow men: the divinity of Christ, the cult of sensuality, the horrors of abortion, "kneeling before the world," and the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell. Finally, Mr. Sheridan explores the unique Catholic stance on the primacy of Peter, Church authority, contraception, and the place of Mary.

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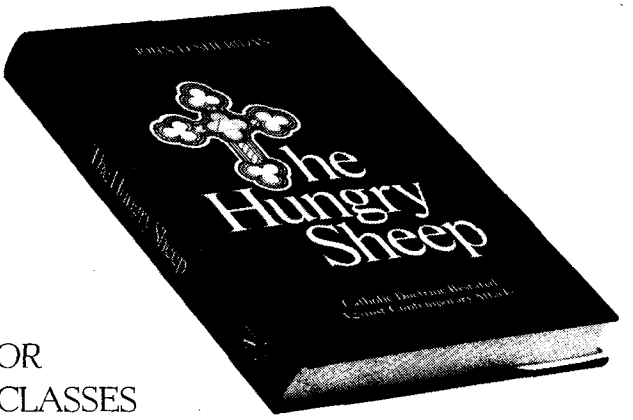

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*

Letters

The Sun Never Sets

Really, Colm Brogan does go a bit far ["There Go the Playing Fields," July 5]. He's as bad as Flanders and Swann, who used to say of foreign athletes, "And they practice beforehand/Which spoils all the fun." After all, why *should* the English change the Derby course? So long as all the horses have to run the same distance, an extra yard and a half hardly matters. But then, what would a Scotsman know about it?

New York, N.Y. CECIL DUNHAM-SMITH

Male Mediocrity

Re M. J. Sobran Jr.'s article "Of *Ms.* and Men" [May 24], I would like to propose a theory which, to me, explains the phenomenon of magazines like *Ms.* There has been a great decline in the years since World War II of masculinity in all its aspects in the American male. I believe this is due to how Hollywood has portrayed the American woman and to a general lessening of excellence in everything American, especially consumer products. Although an effort is made to fool the American woman into thinking she is getting a man of moral, intellectual, and physical courage, in fact the American male has become a person of mediocrity or less. This is true in the realm of politics, business, the arts. When God made woman to be a helpmate, he made her personality such that she wanted to be a helpmate to someone superior. In such a case she would be glad to take the man's name.

When such a decline takes place women have no alternative but to try to lead a single life. A woman does not want to be superior to a man. It is her instinct to play the subordinate role—but when there are no superior men left, she has to stick with her own sex and try to set an example of the excellence women seek.

However, I thought the article most interesting and it was nice that you printed something of interest for women.

Shawnee, Kan. CONICE BROWN

¿Quien Sabe?

Assuming that all of your readers have read the article [James L. Payne, "Will Mr. Harris Ever Learn?" June 21], but supposing a few did not, yet I would hope, but who can be sure, that they thought this was a *great* article, right? Or, wrong?

MRS. JOHN WARBURTON
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

In reference to "Will Mr. Harris Ever Learn?" (I doubt it), this wistfully came to mind.

The Gallup associates, I understand,
Are nosily tripping on *foreign* land.
The Quality of Life is their pursuit:
The physical or moral attribute
In African kraal or Arab tent
In Malay kapong or a flat in Ghent.
(Now what they can find behind a curtain,
Iron or bamboo, I'm quite uncertain.
And who, for junketing Jack and Jill,
Will pay the ghastly travel bill?)
So perhaps Mr. Harris would take the cue
And we'd get him out of our country too.

Beaver Falls, Pa. MRS. NORMAN HETZLER

Too Many Mouths

Poor Malthus, always abused but never read. Even as the world moves into the Malthusian age he continues to be misquoted, misunderstood, and misrepresented. The latest example is Walter B. Wriston, who, in an otherwise admirable article ["Whale Oil, Baby Chicks, and Energy," June 7], explains to us that "The British economist Thomas Malthus predicted in 1798 that the imbalance between population growth and food production would cause the world to starve to death."

Malthus said no such thing. It was the survival mechanism of the human species that fascinated him, the way human societies are always in the process of increasing their numbers and then pruning away the excess population.

Since the people supply will ultimately outrun the food supply, various "preventive" and "positive" checks on population growth come into play. Malthus identified war, famine, and pestilence as the more dreadful checks. The worst he imagined, in case the usual checks failed to hold down the numbers, was a "gigantic inevitable famine" that "with one mighty blow, levels the population with the food of the world."

(Continues on page 788)

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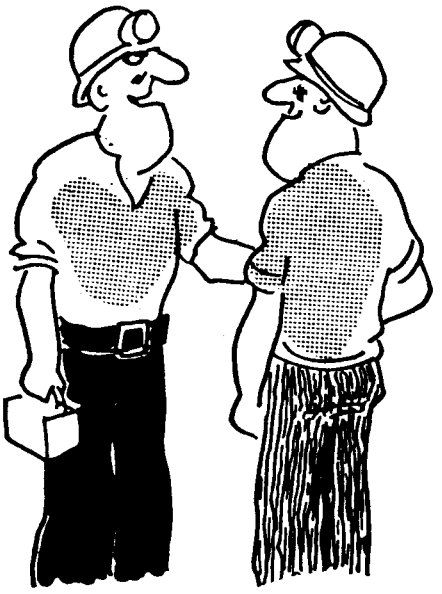
FOR THE RECORD

■ **Revised impeachment timetable** now calls for a Judiciary Committee vote the end of July and a full House vote August 23, but a Supreme Court decision in favor of **Jaworski**'s subpoena for more White House tapes could wreck timetable. Committee would want to see the tapes, and procedural problems could delay delivery until September or later. . . . So far, **Rodino** has kept hearings closed. One reason: they appear boring; congressmen sit silently while the staff members present evidence. Another reason, as one Democrat said: "To someone watching on TV who has not seen our evidence, it would look like we had a very, very weak case." However, some members, like **William Hungate** (D., Mo.), want the hearings opened: "We're so damned secret, we'll impeach him in secret and he'll never know it." (They could leak it.) . . . A member of the Judiciary Committee has offered one reason why Committee was able to fathom **tapes** the White House found unintelligible: the Committee hired a blind woman with super-acute hearing.

■ **George McGovern** is in fight for his Senate seat. His opponent, former POW **Leo Thorsness**, wants to talk about amnesty but McGovern dodges it, saying "amnesty is not within the responsibilities of a United States senator." . . . **Allard Lowenstein**, founder of Dump Johnson movement, has withdrawn from Democratic Senate primary race in New York. Syracuse Mayor **Lee Alexander** now appears shoo-in for nomination. **Ramsey Clark**, however, is still circulating petitions to get his name on Democratic ballot. . . . Entrepreneur **Glenn W. Turner** is seeking nomination for Florida Senate seat now held by Republican **Edward Gurney**. Speaking from his Orlando mansion, Turner told reporters he was so broke from his recent battles on charges of mail fraud he plans to finance his campaign by asking Florida voters to mail him $1 apiece. . . . Even some Democrats don't like the idea of a **"veto-proof" Congress**. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that some House Democrats "actually fear gaining many seats next fall. They feel that the throng might be uncontrollable, Party ineptitude might show through." . . . **Young Americans for Freedom** Annual Conference is set for Sheraton Palace in San Francisco, July 18-21. The conference will commemorate Barry Goldwater's acceptance of GOP nomination and discuss options for '76.



Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"We're putting in a pay claim backdated to the start of the Industrial Revolution."

■ **Pat Holt**, staff director of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, recently became first high-level U.S. official to visit Cuba in more than a decade. Holt's "purely fact-finding" trip was approved by the State Department after eight years of pressure from **William Fulbright**, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Talk in Washington is that Fulbright, defeated in Arkansas primary, may be offered post in London or Peking. Fulbright said there's "absolutely nothing" to the London rumors, but admits he would love being our man in Peking. . . . Ithaca College has withdrawn its offer of a visiting professorship to Rev. **Daniel Berrigan**. Berrigan was to teach course on the New Testament and prison culture.

■ Ever since Portugal began negotiations with the Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo), the white population of **Mozambique** has been packing its bags. Out of a European population of 180,000, between 20,000 and 30,000 have already left. . . . The threat of increased terrorist activities from guerrillas and pressure by **South Africa**'s black leaders combined to change the South African army. For the first time in its history the army is training blacks in the use of firearms. . . . The Official branch of the **Irish Republican Army** is planning to hold a world congress of guerrilla organizations in Ireland and has applied for governmental aid on the ground that the conference would promote tourism. . . . Good news: the *Nairobi Sunday Post* reports that **Idi Amin** is buying a $4-million radio transmitter powerful enough to broadcast Voice of Uganda programs to Europe and America.

■ An American nondenominational minister thinks he has made one of the greatest discoveries of the ages: 12,500 feet atop Turkey's Mt. Ararat, Tom Crotser believes he has located **Noah's Ark**. The minister says material he has acquired on earlier trips has been authenticated as of substantial age—and he plans a fifth trip to verify his discovery. Crotser, by the way, thinks he has also located the **Tower of Babel**, just about 400 miles from Noah's Ark—out of earshot.

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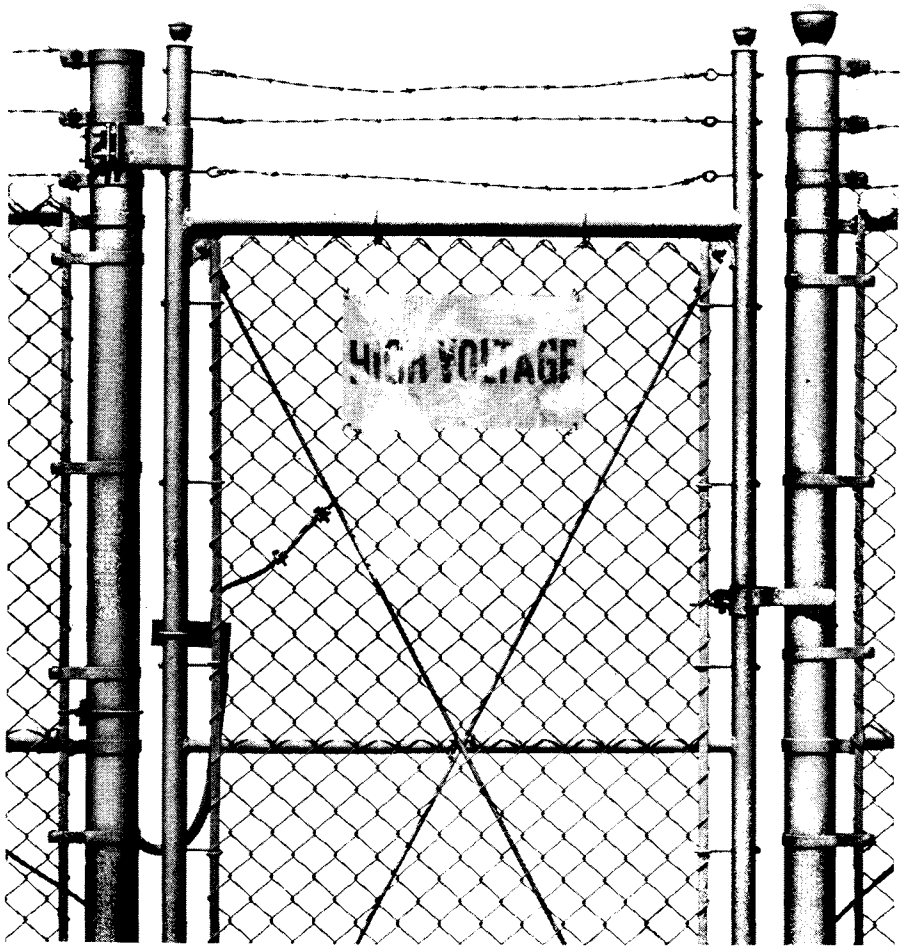

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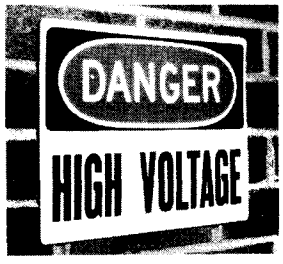

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 786)

Since I share Mr. Wriston's overall views about foolish forecasters of the future, I am glad to say that he is on firmer ground in noting that Malthus neglected to predict the technological wonders that make it possible for advanced industrial nations to limit births while dramatically increasing agricultural productivity. Unfortunately those wonders of science, while permitting population regulation in the advanced nations, have ignited the population explosion in the poorer countries. Modern medicine and machinery have saved and prolonged lives. Since food production is not increasing spectacularly and most birth-control programs are ineffectual, the outcome may well be the gigantic inevitable famine that Malthus envisioned.

Millions are now starving in South Asia, Africa, and elsewhere; food reserves are being exhausted everywhere. In the years ahead the American people are going to be asked to feed much of mankind. Can we? Will we? Should we?

Humanitarian impulses are fine but we have to ask whether massive food shipments, while relieving some human needs in the short run, simply put off the day of decision for the poorer nations. Thomas Malthus grappled with such questions on the smaller stage of England in the early 1800s. He is worth reading today if we are to deal sensibly with the frightening global problem of too many mouths to feed.

Kent, Conn. DONALD S. CONNERY

Aaron and Hobson

Your April 26 editorial on Hank Aaron's 715th home run contained a misstatement of fact. Babe Ruth hit 54 home runs, not 51, in 1920.

The thrust of the article was that Aaron's home run lacked the cultural significance it would have had in the so-called "Golden Era of Sport." I think *NR* took the wrong approach. The emphasis should have been on Aaron's remarkable consistency. In the liberals' image-oriented world where we are supposed to accept mediocrity as the standard of value, Hank Aaron is a conservative man's man. His performance is his publicity. His dedication and high caliber of play are important in the context of this era. Today in sports, we see too many athletes being paid too much for the level of their performances.

Kearny, N.J. ROBERT KRUMEICH

In her article "Embarras de Richesses" [June 7], Ruth Berenson seems not to understand the phrase "Hobson's choice." She observes that New York last season had many dancers and dance companies and not enough fans to fill all the theaters. She comments that "this meant that all of them lost money while we poor enthusiasts were faced with choices that would have defied Hobson."

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Actually, "Hobson's choice" meant that the customer had *no* choice. Its origin is rich in anecdote and is well documented. Thomas Hobson (1544?-1631) was a Cambridge carrier whose wagon traveled regularly between the University and the Bull Inn, London. He also kept a livery stable. When a customer wanted to hire a horse, he was presented with "Hobson's choice," which was the horse nearest the stable door and no choice at all.

Hobson figures in English literature, for when he died at the age of around 86, his departure was immortalized in verse by Cambridge undergraduates, among them John Milton, who wrote two epitaphs. The details of this poetic outburst of affection and humor may be read in William Riley Parker's *Milton: A Biography* (Oxford, 1968), I, 91-94.

Athens, Ga. JOHN DOWLING

A Rage for Order

Gerhart Niemeyer's provocative column, "States without Citizens" [June 21] prompts a few comments about his writings in general.

Niemeyer performs a unique service for readers of a journal largely and necessarily given over to discussions of contemporary political issues: he provides a philosophical and historical context that imposes both order and coherence upon the often bewildering tangles of world events. His scholarly analyses entice the reader to reflect on the deeper implications of the news—a practice we neglect too often for our own good.

Belmont, Mass. GERVASE THOMSON

The New Antisemitism

Twice this spring you have brought your analytical powers to bear on the question of an alleged "new antisemitism" ["The Week," March 29 and June 7]. With characteristic ease you have detected anomalies lurking in the remarks of those who claim to detect such a phenomenon. Only I fear that, like the Kantian ego, you discover that which in fact is your own creation.

Certainly an equation of current antisemitic tendencies with czarist pogroms or Hitlerian genocide would be ludicrous. But neither of your stalking horses (the ADL and Earl Raab) is guilty of so gross an identification. Rather, their reference is to an increasing indifference to major Jewish concerns and a concomitant failure to make relevant normative distinctions. The *Christian Science Monitor* is noted for scrupulous fairness in reporting and editorial content. So it is doubly discouraging that they constantly reiterate a call for a "balanced" Mideast policy—without ever pondering the ambiguities of balancing national survival with intended annihilation, democracy with despotism, or power with justice.

The June 7 editorial shows moral obtuseness in lumping the Ma'alot slaughter, Dublin terrorism, and the SLA's last shootout with reprisal raids on Lebanon. True, all are, in your word, "consequences" of terrorist operations. Nonetheless they are incommensurable. You remarkably fail to distinguish the intended result of assassination with efforts to control it. In this case the differentia is far more significant than the genus. Please, if you wish to deny the existence of a phenomenon, don't engage in the kind of journalism that is the most likely to produce it.

West Hartford, Conn. LOREN E. LOMASKY

Quotas, Pro . . .

In his article "Are Quotas Here to Stay?" [April 26] Professor Allan C. Ornstein makes some good points about the distortions of law that result from excessive bureaucratic zeal and self-righteousness, in industry as well as government. However, he himself distorts a very complex and sensitive social problem by excessive oversimplification.

For example, he describes the decision of the Supreme Court in *Griggs* v. *Duke Power* with clarity and accuracy. However, by neglecting to cite the Court's reasoning, and even refraining from pointing out that the decision was written on behalf of a unanimous Court by Chief Justice Warren Burger himself, he presents a distorted picture of that decision. In fact, he goes on to discuss personnel testing as though it were an accurate predictor of job performance when the Court had aimed its decision precisely at those tests that are not.

As a second example, Professor Ornstein correctly portrays federal legislation as directed toward achievement of equal employment opportunity for individuals, and not proportionate representation for groups. He explains that it outlaws discrimination against any person when based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin, not just discrimination against selected minority groups and women. However, he ignores the fact that discrimination has been directed historically against persons as members of groups, and does not address himself to the problem of how to determine the existence of such discrimination in order to enforce the law. The courts, as well as the federal bureaucracy, have decided that discrimination may be perpetuated by social custom rather than by deliberate intent, that what is in a person's mind cannot practically be determined anyway, and that the existence of a condition of discrimination can be inferred through statistics. To take steps to remedy discrimination against the members of a group or class of persons is not necessarily reverse discrimination.

New York, N.Y. HERBERT HAMMERMAN

. . . and Con

1. The Supreme Court's reasoning is not the issue; rather, it is the effects of the decision on many innocent people who

(Continues on page 829)

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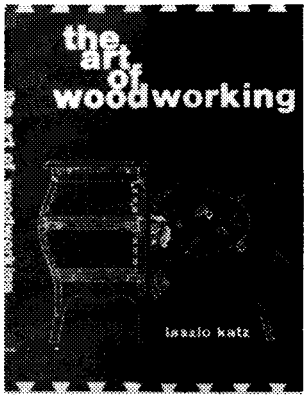

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THE WEEK

■ LEGAL NOTES. Mr. Jack C. Miller of Collegeville, Pennsylvania has been convicted, fined $10,000, and sentenced to 90 days in the stir for the federal crime of smuggling bull semen into the country. Mr. Caleb Eugene McCauley, appealing his conviction for assault and battery with intent to kill, has failed to win a reversal with the argument that the prosecution had failed to establish that his victim was a human being: the judge ruled that the victim's testimony in the original trial was proof of his humanness. Miss Jacqueline Florence Frewin, a Canadian tourist, was nailed on a morals charge and fined $36 for walking down the main street of Lamu, Kenya in a bikini "and thereby causing a common annoyance to the public." Mr. Garret D. Zwart of Anaheim, California was the recent victim of a mistaken identity drug raid by federal officers. The officers quickly realized they had the wrong suspect when they found no drugs in Zwart's apartment. All they found were a few hundred forged credit cards, driver's licenses, and birth certificates, and six submachine guns, four of them Russian-made.

■ Over 100 Republican candidates gathered in Washington recently to discuss and be instructed on strategy for beating Democrats this fall. Ignore President Nixon —except perhaps for foreign policy—was one piece of advice. One candidate observed that George Bush, chairman of the Republican National Committee, had made impeachment legitimate when he said that the important thing was that "the system work fairly and expeditiously —the Republican Party will accept the result." Turn the inflation issue against the Democrats, others advised, and stress the horrors of a veto-proof Congress—a political catastrophe, said Vice President Ford, that would be "the demise of individual freedom." Republican strategy —1974: don't beat us too badly or you will soon regret it.

■ John Sawhill, Federal Energy Administrator, has accused 15 oil companies of "calculated resistance" to compulsory sharing (i.e., confiscation) of their price-controlled domestic oil. Mr. Sawhill claims "the average crude cost of the major oil companies is less than the average cost of the small and independent refiners." This is a myth. Getty is much smaller and less profitable than Ashland, yet Getty is required to supply crude to firms like Ashland at controlled "cost" plus 30 cents a barrel. Marathon is about the same size as Standard of Ohio, but the allocation program considers Marathon a "major" and Sohio a "small and independent refiner." Edward Mitchell, in an American Enterprise Institute study on *U.S. Energy Policy*, shows that there is no clear connection between the size or profitability of oil refiners and their degree of integration or self-sufficiency in crude. Indeed, some refiners who are furthest from self-sufficiency in crude—including Ashland, Sohio, Clark, and American Petrofina—have long been among the most profitable oil companies. Firms that went to the added expense of finding their own sources of oil did so largely to assure availability of supplies. If the government transfers the property rights to crude by bureaucratic caprice, refiners will have little incentive in the future to locate and develop new, secure supplies of crude oil.

■ A critical gasoline shortage developed shortly after the federal price controls broke down. In Oregon, trucks were allowed 75 per cent of their tank capacity, passenger cars only 10 per cent. An automotive journal reported that "some dealers and motorists have been inclined to scent a plot to increase gasoline prices." A Senate bill was introduced which would create a government corporation to search for oil. There was considerable talk about the imminent depletion of all reserves, and the poor gasoline mileage of automobiles. Development of oil shale was suggested by an Indiana professor; others favored synthesizing fuel (an approach which Germany had tried a few years earlier, and found inordinately expensive). In the following year, gasoline prices rose sharply. Crude oil production went up 18 per cent, gasoline production went up 21 per cent, and demand for new cars and gasoline dropped. By the end of 1921, the gasoline crisis had disappeared.

■ New Jersey legislators are speaking loftily of "tax reform." Some citizens translate the phrase as "state income tax," and a counterreformation is already under way. The organizer of the State Tax Opposition Project, Charles Wiley, says, "Something has been promised to

Campaigning with McGovern

I'm primed to talk till very late
On dirty tricks and Watergate,
But all the voters seem to see
Is what I blabbed on amnesty.

Sometimes, of course, I'm on the spot
When weirdos heckle me on pot;
Abortion's also bugging me,
But mostly it's this "amnesty."

Desertion shouldn't be a crime.
(The Swedes believe the act's sublime.)
But in Sioux Falls it's best to be
Conservative on amnesty.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Fourth of July approaches as we go to press, and a sadly muffled Fourth it promises to be. It is a safe bet that by the time you read this, you will have passed another Independence Day without having heard much in the way of bombastic oratory, Sousa marches, public prayers and songs, and the old-fashioned patriotic chest-thumping that used to make even the cherry bombs part of a national sacrament. There will have been allusions to "the nation's birthday" so tactfully made as to suggest the indelicacy of overplaying the milestones of advancing age, and well-meaning suggestions (like that in a recent letter to *Time*) that we redefine patriotism to mean a commitment to change through the democratic process, rather than the sort of atavism that leads to war and Watergate. Sad, as we say, that Americans now take the occasion merely as a day off, a chance to withdraw into pockets of privacy, instead of the appointed time for rejoicing publicly in their common possessions and symbols. And even popping a few firecrackers.

almost everybody, but by some magic the administration will be richer by hundreds of millions of dollars. Promises like these haven't been heard since the days of medicine show hustlers selling snake oil from the back of a wagon while an Indian danced." Those interested in keeping reform out of the Garden State should write: STOP, P.O. Box 751, Parlin, New Jersey 08859.

■ Many a prophet has pronounced the Anglo-French supersonic transport, Concorde, a dead duck, but lately its wings have started to flap vigorously. Concorde 02 made a big hit in Boston last month, and the American guests it carried to Europe and back in seven hours were unanimous in their enthusiasm. Its noise was measured as no higher than that of the big subsonic jets, and the designers insist that the model now on the production line (02 is only a prototype) will be quieter as well as faster and roomier. Clifton Moore, manager of the Los Angeles Department of Airports, told a conference of U.S. airport operators to get ready for Concorde because the plane has demonstrated, by its global flights during the past year, that "it is an integral part of the international air transport system." Robert Holtz, editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, who was on the transatlantic round trip from Boston as well as several earlier flights, wrote editorially: "[Concorde's] recent demonstrations in the Americas have proved that it has a fighting chance for success." If Britain's dive toward bankruptcy compels the Labor government to pull out of the Anglo-French consortium, France is said to be ready to go it alone.

■ LION & LAMB DEPT.: The Portuguese Army and the nationalist movement in Portuguese Guinea not only are no longer fighting but even have decent words for each other. Rebels who fled the country are returning. Black Portuguese soldiers are being permitted contact with rebels. Some black government soldiers are openly expressing their preference for government by the liberation movement, and the rebels are promising not to be vindictive toward citizens who fought for the Portuguese. After 14 years peace seems to have come with a surprising suddenness. Very strange. If it holds up, very welcome.

■ The International Labor Organization recently considered censuring the Soviet Union for its violations of a convention abolishing slave labor. This marks the first time in the group's history that a major power has been proposed for the "special list." But the ILO finally rejected the idea, when Soviet delegate Semyon A. Ivanov informed them that it was designed to renew the cold war. Hasn't he heard of the warm "personal relationship" between Nixon and Brezhnev?

■ Suggestion of the week: Russell Baker's call for the abolition of the Fourth of July. Its celebration "was splendid once, but it no longer becomes us," since we've finally come round to endorsing the tyrannical principles of George III. As a substitute holiday Baker advocates an annual four-day "Sentimentality Day Weekend (SDW)." OK, Russell. But only if we can have a guaranteed holiday from all future "Big Ideas (BI)" columns.

■ As reported in *Change* (April 1974), a controlled experiment with three college classes issued in decidedly Hobbesian conclusions about the handling of college cheating. Three approaches were tested: trust, moral appeal, and the threat of punishment. Only the last had any curbing effect. Among students who were simply trusted not to cheat, violations were surprisingly high. They took advantage of 30 per cent of the opportunities to cheat. Moral exhortation actually increased the level of cheating to 41 per cent. But the threat of detection and punishment lowered the cheating to 12 per cent. Perhaps, Mr. Reich, these students were merely insufficiently greened?

■ While *Time* reports a grass roots conservative resur-

Humphrey Sings "Don't Blame Me"

Don't blame me for taking some moola, too.
It's starting to smell
Beneath my lapel,
But don't blame me.
Can't you see it isn't an IOU?
I've nothing to sell;
They just think I'm swell,
So don't blame me.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Former officials for the Hubert Humphrey and Wilbur Mills presidential campaigns have taken the Fifth Amendment in refusing to testify to Senate investigators about their campaign financing practices. But whatever these officials did in their campaigns, they could probably learn a thing or two about—dare we say it?—trickiness from Senator George McGovern. Last year, when McGovern was gearing up for this year's reelection race in South Dakota, he was asking his creditors to settle some 1972 presidential campaign debts at 50 cents on the dollar. Because these settlements involved bills from 37 corporations, the discounting of the bills amounted to corporate contributions, which are illegal. Moreover, while these discounts were being arranged, McGovern was quietly shifting $340,000 surplus from his presidential campaign fund to his Senate reelection campaign fund.

And then in another campaign financing matter, Senate Watergate investigators report that a New York highway official extracted from a road building firm a $10,000 cash contribution to John Lindsay's stillborn presidential campaign, and the road building firm later got a $1.7-million asphalt contract from Mr. Lindsay's New York City government.

■ The anti-abortion lobby suffered an emphatic defeat in a recent vote of the House of Representatives. At the end of an emotional late night debate the House rejected, by a vote of 247 to 123, a measure that would have forbidden the Health, Education, and Welfare Department to spend money for abortions, abortion research, and "abortifacient drugs or devices." The measure would also have defined human life as beginning "at the moment of conception."

■ The House Judiciary Committee subpoenaed a tape of an April 4, 1972 presidential conversation. On that day —ten weeks before the Watergate break-in—Mr. Nixon met with H. R. Haldeman and John Mitchell. The Committee wants to know if the three men discussed plans for a political espionage and dirty tricks program. The White House refused to release the tape, claiming that to do so would weaken the Presidency. Instead, the White House released an expurgated transcript. The transcript contains nothing about political espionage or dirty tricks but contains some remarkable (albeit garbled) presidential talk about other matters. "It looks as though Kennedy is going to be the winner of the nomination," Mr. Nixon says. Mr. Nixon dismisses candidate George McGovern as a "stomping horse" (he probably meant "stalking horse") for Kennedy. Mr. Nixon predicted that Hubert Humphrey would win the Wisconsin primary. (Humphrey placed third behind McGovern and George Wallace.) Some of Mr. Nixon's political comments are impenetrably obscure. Talking about Nelson Rockefeller's efforts to carry the state of New York for the Nixon-Agnew ticket, Mr. Nixon said: "You've got to play the game and Rockefeller's got to carry it for us, hasn't he? Have to get off his ass, but you've got to play the game with those conservatives, right? And so there's the problem." At another point in the conversation Mr. Nixon talked about the bombing in Vietnam and, although it is not clear exactly what he was trying to say, it is clear that he was not trying to compliment the U.S. Air Force. Mitchell: "Is the weather still bad?" Nixon: "Huh. It isn't bad. The Air Force isn't worth (word deleted). I mean they won't fly. Oh, they fly, but they won't—you see, our Air Force is not—. . ."

■ Ho hum. Congress has raised the ceiling on the national debt again, this time by $19.3 billion, to $495 billion. The interest charge on the national debt is now about $30 billion a year.

■ Retiring Admiral Elmo Zumwalt was forbidden by Mr. Nixon to talk about the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks when he appeared on NBC's *Meet the Press* while Mr. Nixon was in Moscow. In fact, the Administration tried as late as Friday afternoon to get Zumwalt to cancel his appearance on the Sunday show. It is easy to understand why the Administration was uneasy. Although Zumwalt obeyed orders and refused to comment on the arms talks, he did say, in an almost off-hand manner, that the U.S. Navy today is so weak vis-a-vis the Soviet navy that it cannot perform its mission, which is to be prepared in the event of conflict to keep open the sea lanes of American commerce and military supply. —CATO

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gence in the Catholic Church, often in opposition to liberalized hierarchs, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (if its new report is any indication) seems diffident about deploring the Church's recent decline in authority: "At the very least, many would say that for a large number of Catholics, the influence of secular society—and all that implies, for good as well as ill—counts more heavily than the influence of the Church." What apparently is happening is that Catholics who remain active in the Church hunger for guidance their hierarchy often feels unqualified to give. One consequence is that many priests and laymen are taking matters into their own hands, in what may be called (with no disrespect intended) a kind of vigilante religion.

■ Revenge of the Invisible Hand: Two ecologists have found that rain water in Europe and the Eastern U.S. is 100 to 1,000 times as acid as it used to be—in some cases, as acid as pure lemon juice. It is very likely stunting the growth of forests and crops, they report. The principal cause seems to be the proliferation of antipollution devices on smokestacks, which filter out visible matter, but permit the escape of invisible acidic gases. The dirty looking matter used to neutralize those gases, back before the environmentalists upset the industrial balance of nature.

■ The FTC wants to ban commercials for cereal premiums, and that sort of thing, from children's programs. And an FTC panel wants to ban commercials for edible products with high sugar content, *except* during family programing hours, *provided* such commercials include warnings about their products' harmful effects on children's teeth. (Next you'll be allowed to advertise only

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for the purpose of warning people away from your product.) The same panel wants to ban commercials projecting racial and sexual stereotypes. The panel has lots of other ideas about children's ads. Explains FTC Bureau of Consumer Protection Chief Thomas Rosch (that's FTCBCPC T.R. for short): "Children can't cope; they are more easily exploited than adults. They are entitled to special protection." It's persons like FTCBCPC T.R. who are helping to make your government more responsive to your needs.

■ Mr. Ralph Nader has ventured another of his spiffy proposals, that voting be made mandatory, the usual practice in dictatorships. Under the Nader plan, the citizens would be able to "vote to abstain" if desired, and *there* he's got something. Wouldn't it be great to have a ballot offering candidate A, Democrat, candidate B, Republican, and you-can-all-take-a-flying-leap, check one? The addition of such a poxbox on the ballot would not only offer the voter an honest choice for the first time ever, it might also shock the politicians and newspersons into an honest analysis of the election returns. Compulsory voting is a rotten idea, but with a poxbox, you wouldn't need it. Citizens would turn out in droves and make voting the national pastime. You wouldn't even have to close the bars on election day.

■ Sir Peregrine Henniker-Heaton (honest, that's his name) vanished without a trace in 1971. Since he had been an important figure in (you're not going to believe this either) British espionage, his family feared foul play—either a vendetta by old enemies from Palestine or a disastrous new exploit about which they'd been kept ignorant. There had been no new clues. Then, two weeks ago, Sir Peregrine's son (we were afraid you'd ask: Yvo) found a key to the second-floor room where Sir Peregrine used to seek solitude occasionally. He unlocked the room—and there, wearing Sir Peregrine's familiar brown suit (the one in which he was last seen alive), was Sir Peregrine's skeleton. Apparently Scotland Yard had neglected to inspect the room during its search for fingerprints, bulletholes, and Trichinopoly ashes.

Impeachment Focus

Presidential attorney James St. Clair is arguing before the Rodino committee and elsewhere that Mr. Nixon can be impeached only if it can be shown that he has committed a criminal violation. In practical political terms, St. Clair may be right. It seems likely that public opinion will demand evidence of some specific and imposing violation of the law before it will support the historically drastic act of impeaching a President.

If Mr. St. Clair has an arguable point in practice, however, he is also talking constitutional nonsense, and dangerous nonsense at that. No constitution could specify all of the acts for which a President might be removed from office, and many such acts would not be statutory crimes.

Suppose a President effectively refused to serve—left, after his inaugural, for a four-year fishing trip; ignored all legislation sent to him for signature; refused to fill posts: these things would not be crimes, but they surely would be impeachable offenses. Suppose a President exercised his power of commutation to release all Republicans now in prison. Such an outrage would not be a crime, but it would be, and unquestionably should be, impeachable. Suppose, on a whim, but as commander in chief of the armed forces, he ordered an invasion of Mexico. Again, not a crime, but surely impeachable.

What Mr. St. Clair now proposes is the immunization of the Presidency from much of the political restraint heretofore assumed as part of the constitutional architecture. It is difficult to suppose, we note parenthetically, that Mr. St. Clair himself actually believes the doctrine he is espousing. More likely, it is a ploy tossed out to bemuse the already divided and intellectually faltering Judiciary Committee. If, perchance, the St. Clair doctrine were accepted by the Judiciary Committee, it would then be enshrined as precedent, an orbiting absurdity within the constitutional structure.

Mr. St. Clair would be on sounder grounds if he pressed the point, which he has already at least hinted at, that not all criminal violations are grounds for impeachment. For one thing, as Machiavelli recognizes repeatedly in the *Discourses*, the ruler must occasionally, and qua ruler, break the law for the good of the country. It is quite probable that every American President has broken one or another law. Under any system of shared power, the ruler is politically accountable for such acts. They will be judged, should they come to light, both in themselves and in the larger framework of his total performance.

The language of the Constitution also suggests that the act for which a President can be impeached must be weighty in character. Not just any violation, but treason, bribery, and *other* (i.e., equally weighty) high crimes and misdemeanors. The failure here to specify those "other high crimes" was clearly intentional. Those congressmen —and citizens—passing judgment have the responsibility of deciding what violations occurred and what weight to assign to them.

Mr. Nixon now stands before that bar of judgment. It is not disputed that his agents committed a variety of illegal acts. If the Judiciary Committee voted on a single act of impeachment, appending a bill of particulars, viz., that the President has the obligation to take care that the laws be faithfully enforced, then the political judgment could be rendered—by the Committee, and, if necessary, by the House and Senate, and indirectly by the citizenry as a whole.

The essentially political nature of the impeachment process is now illustrated by the situation that has developed in the Judiciary Committee, which has divided

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on partisan lines about what witnesses to call and about whether the witnesses will testify in public or in executive session. Pro-impeachment Democrats, in general, have been in favor of fewer witnesses, and also of keeping the testimony secret, reportedly because of a feeling that the testimony of individual witnesses isolated from the complete evidential picture might make the case against the President "look weak," or because St. Clair will succeed in "confusing the public." These objections are unconvincing. A sufficient number of people in this country now are well enough acquainted with the details of this case to evaluate the testimony of the witnesses—and, also, the quality of the case the Judiciary Committee has been building. Failure to open the hearings to public scrutiny can only increase the suspicion that this last consideration is the real reason for secrecy.

Was This Trip Necessary?

Among the representatives of the 15 nations who met at Brussels on June 26 to celebrate the 25th anniversary of NATO, Richard Nixon was the only chief of state. The new and bland declaration of principles, the signing of which was the only item of substance on the agenda, had been drafted and agreed on weeks earlier.

The President then spent a week in the Soviet Union. His hosts seem to have aimed to present the visit as nothing very special. Moscow, according to the reports, had not even been spruced up according to the usual custom when a city prepares for a highly distinguished visitor. The crowds were routine in size and behavior. In his banquet toast, Mr. Nixon had remarked that a "personal relationship," presumably between himself and Brezhnev, had made possible the new Soviet-American relationship. By editing out the adjective "personal," the Soviet authorities reduced the Nixon role to that of any official representative of the nation. The texts of miscellaneous agreements on heart disease, housing information, energy, etc. had been drawn up long ago, for what they amount to.

We write before the final communiqués, but there is no indication that anything done during the visit modified significantly the supplements to the SALT protocols that had been prepared beforehand. Secretary Brezhnev had the pleasure of returning the President's San Clemente hospitality by welcoming him as guest at the dacha assigned to his office at what Mr. Nixon's spokesmen consistently referred to as "Oreanda," though it is known locally as Yalta, and the President journeyed to Minsk to join in hailing the shift of Byelorussia back from Nazi to Bolshevik domination.

Whether or not this voyage, which proved rather drab as spectacle after the Mideast triumphal march, served the domestic purpose which was at least partly its inspiration is unclear. It is possible that almost all of us are bored to anesthesia with the script and all the cast of Watergate. However that may be, this charade summitry is a waste of public time and money, even if the principals enjoy it.

Everyone is now, or professes himself to be, pro-detente; and the "spirit of detente" would seem to have been sufficiently celebrated not to require any more expensive pageantry. From the standpoint of the interest of the United States, the problems of detente are now, or should be made to be, specific: just what quids for our quos? The failure, so far, of the Administration to give convincing answers to this question is causing the uneasiness that lies back of growing congressional resistance to the Nixon Administration's procedure on the detente front.

Colson Saga: CIA

Charles Colson has now spread before us a rather bizarre theory of CIA responsibility for Watergate. On the face of it, the hypothesis invites skepticism, to say the least. Early in May, Colson visited Richard Lee Bast, one of Washington's best private eyes, and told him the story, tapes running. Bast has now released the Colson theory.

The CIA, in Colson's account, was out to get the President, and Nixon himself saw it the same way. "Nixon's theory," said Colson, "was that they wanted to get enough on the White House so that they could get what they wanted." What was that? Here Colson is a bit unclear, but appears to indicate a power struggle for bureaucratic control.

Colson's story is murky and unsupported by evidence. In the September 14, 1973 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, however, Miles Copeland put forward a different, but possibly related, theory of CIA involvement. Copeland has long-standing connections in the Agency. It is his hypothesis that the press has turned up only a fraction of the requests made by the Nixon White House to the CIA; that, to the CIA, these requests appeared to be purely political and illegitimate and, indeed, dangerous to the CIA's legitimate mission; and that therefore James McCord, an expert operative, deliberately bungled the Watergate operations as a blow against the White House. "Although no one at Langley would come right out and admit it," writes Copeland, "the laughs, the grotesquely affected looks of innocence, and the genuine looks of pleasure that appeared on everyone's face whom I asked, 'What *really* happened at Watergate?' convince me that, with or without explicit instructions from someone in the Agency, McCord took Hunt and Liddy into a trap. After all, the CIA specialists in operations of the Plumbers' kind had a lot to gain from putting the White House clowns out of business. The ultimate consequences were a high price to pay, but, after all, it wasn't the Agency that had to pay it."

The CIA is a vitally important institution. It has a key role to play not only in the traditional intelligence functions but, notably, in response to the spreading network of terrorist political groups. At the same time, it is under constant attack from critics in the liberal media. Now we have the murky Colson suspicions and the Copeland hypothesis of a CIA-White House vendetta. Suspension of judgment in the absence of confirming

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Memo to: you, our readers

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: something nobody should miss!

I have just read Solzhenitsyn's "The Gulag Archipelago." Not everybody who talks about the wonderful Solzhenitsyn may be able to say that -- it is a huge book, so absorbing -- fascinating -- that you won't want to skip a word. But even if you read only five pages, or just skip through it (I dare you), I think you will get the same almost overwhelming effect that kept me hard at it for days. Here is a testament to the unquenchable flame of the human spirit, a monument (to Solzhenitsyn, and to those he writes about, all the millions of slave laborers) already greater than any conceived by Stalin for himself, a work that will not only live in history but will also make history: Solzhenitsyn is a giant, shaking the pillars of Communism itself (and he can still see!).

If it sounds to you as if I've gone overboard on "The Gulag Archipelago," you're right. It haunted me for days after I finished it. Then I saw Solzhenitsyn on TV, being interviewed by Walter Cronkite, who was transformed in a kind of instant replay from Lord of Watergate to the humblest of serfs, overwhelmed by the sheer power and presence of his "guest," who obviously can talk as powerfully and voluminously as he writes, with hands flailing, eyes burning, every emotion zooming about among his craggy features -- how I wished I knew Russian that night! -- I'm sure the translator didn't do him justice by half. (If evil could triumph ultimately in this world, this man would have been "liquidated" while the opportunity existed; it is too late now.)

By this time I'm sure you get the point: I think everybody should get a copy of "The Gulag Archipelago." I cannot imagine anyone who would not profit from this fantastic book. More than that, you'll enjoy it too: Solzhenitsyn runs the whole gamut of human emotions, not just the horrifying and the heartrending but biting and often hilarious sarcasm and some truly comic descriptions of assorted buffoonery and macabre humor that are often (unintentionally, of course) the result of the Red slave-labor system. (By the way, there is also a glossary, so that, for once, you can read a big Russian book without getting totally scrambled in with the usual cast of thousands; it even includes explanations of all the Soviet bureaus, ministries, etc.)

As it happens, you can get this big book right now direct from NR at a considerable savings on the retail price. All you do is use the handy card opposite this page to subscribe or renew now, and you get "The Gulag Archipelago" for only 95¢. We'll send you this handy paperback edition (which, by the way, contains every word of the expensive, cumbersome $12.50 hardcover version), with all postage and handling paid by us. Pay later if you wish, but please send us the card today as the book is in short supply (the demand for "Gulag" is enormous) -- we may never repeat this special offer.

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fact is surely called for, and defense of the CIA in its legitimate functions. Still—and we are not given to conspiratorial theories—there are plenty of unanswered questions lurking in the Watergate depths.

And from the Court

Security at the Supreme Court appears to be better than anywhere else in Washington. The Court announced a number of decisions recently at a session that was as newsworthy for what it omitted as for what it included. A decision on the Detroit busing case, widely expected, was not announced.

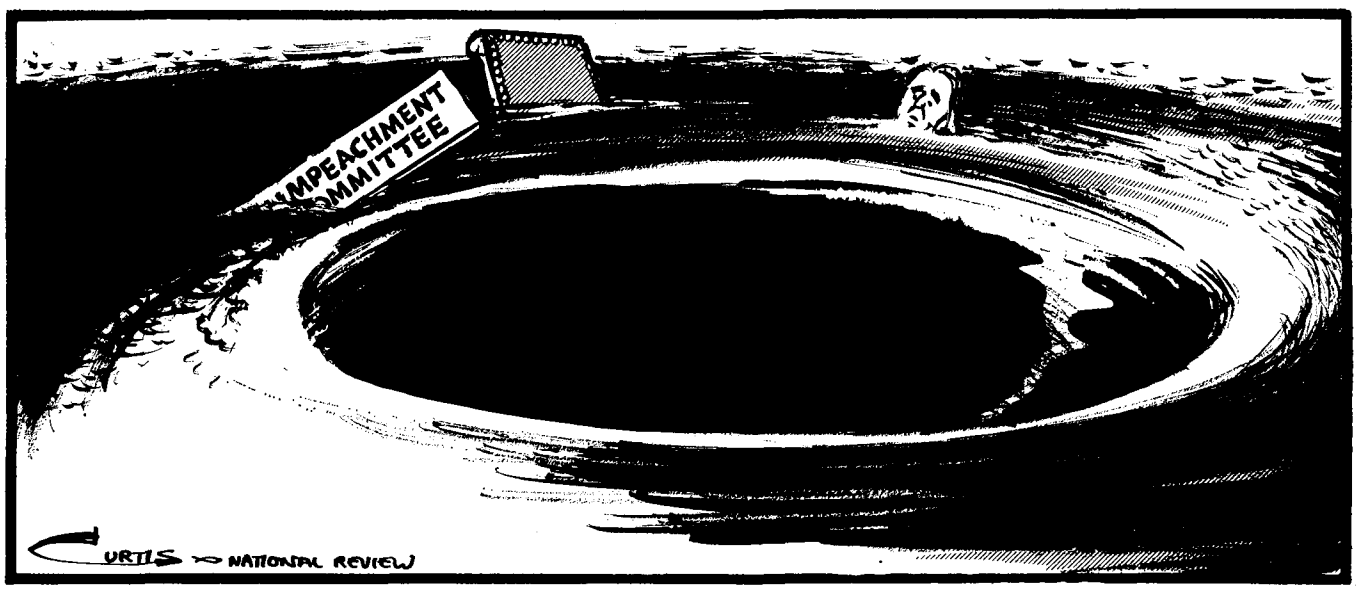
Among the decisions that were announced were two concerning free speech. Florida's Right to Reply law was held unconstitutional. The law required a newspaper to give free space to any candidate demanding space to reply to an article—or presumably even an advertisement —that assailed his character. The law was an attempt to legislate responsible treatment of candidates, a responsibility not mandated by the Constitution. The Court concluded that the law could influence what an editor decided to include in his paper and thus limit "the vigor and variety of public debate." And that would be an unconstitutional interference on the part of government.

The Court also refined the law of libel by limiting the definition of a public figure, about whom false statements are libelous only if made with "actual malice" or reckless disregard for the truth. An ordinary citizen who doesn't thrust himself upon the public consciousness does not lose his protection by being elevated to fame by sudden events. However, he may sue only for actual damages, not for punitive damages. It is left to iron out a doctrine that permits even public figures some effective protection against defamation. And now the Detroit busing case . . .

How Dead Is Gaullism?

During his first weeks in office, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's public behavior seemed calculated to show that with his election the Gaullist era had ended. He abandoned much of the traditional pomp and circumstance that de Gaulle had revived and nourished. He walked to his inauguration, in an ordinary business suit instead of a cutaway, instead of being driven in a big limousine as part of a huge parade. He ordered the military units attached to the presidential palace to wear ordinary uniforms instead of the eighteenth century costumes they had been clad with. He chats with his ministers by phone instead of summoning them to his office, and receives ambassadors informally. He continues as in his pre-presidential days—to the consternation of the security force—to go out to the theater and to dine around Paris with personal friends. He appointed conspicuous non-Gaulists to the cabinet, and rebuffed the Gaullist deputies in naming his Prime Minister. He promptly sent the Assembly a bill (now enacted) lowering the voting age to eighteen.

But it is evidently easier to break with the Gaullist Olympian style than with the Gaullist Olympian policy. France under Giscard seems to be continuing, for the time being at least, de Gaulle's attempt to pursue the odd-man-out course, independent of the Soviet Union, the United States, NATO, and, when it suits French fancy, of the European Economic Community, which most non-French analysts consider beyond the reach of France's relative power. Two months ago Giscard went through with a nuclear bomb test over the Pacific in spite of criticism from all continents, and fired the non-Gaullist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, whom he had just appointed Minister of Reforms, for having joined in the criticism.



"Blasted leaks!"

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In a deliberate snub to President Nixon as well as to the Atlantic alliance, Giscard arranged his schedule to prevent his being present with Nixon June 26 in Brussels for the signing of the new Atlantic Declaration. Instead, Giscard was winding up his duties as host during the three-day visit of Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza, which had been celebrated with a splendor to match Louis XIV as well as Charles de Gaulle. The Iranian flags and banners flew over Parisian squares and avenues. The Shah and his beautiful empress were housed in the Grand Trianon, and fed in Versailles' glittering Hall of Mirrors. They were wafted back to Teheran in supersonic Concorde 02, on two of whose descendants the Shah has taken an option. And in the course of the visit, Giscard—in pointed indifference to the pleas for Western cooperation and consultation in dealing with the oil producers—signed an agreement with the Shah by which France undertakes to supply Iran with $4-billion worth of advanced industrial equipment headed by five nuclear power plants—that last of genuinely Gaullist hubris, France itself not yet having so many.

Where Did All That Beef and Oil Come From?

The theory is that if the relative price of something rises sharply, producers will figure out a way to supply more or consumers will use less, or both, and the price will ultimately decline. Since nobody ever believes this while the price is rising, it is instructive to apply the theory a bit later.

After rising dramatically for years, the per capita consumption of beef in this country fell from 116 pounds in 1972 to 109 pounds in 1973. Wholesale beef prices have plummeted since price controls were lifted, and retail prices are now slightly below the level of 1973. There is nothing suspicious about the greater decline at wholesale: consumer prices invariably lag behind changes in wholesale prices, and do not fluctuate so wildly. The government has purchased extra beef to keep the price up, and there is considerable pressure to reimpose quotas on imported beef. The Senate passed a bill to provide government-guaranteed loans to cattlemen and feed lot operators.

Similarly, world oil consumption has been rising about 7.5 per cent each year, but has recently fallen by some 5 to 8 per cent. Production is up about 8 per cent worldwide, and the number of U.S. drilling rigs in operation rose 21 per cent in the first quarter. The result is a surplus of 1.5 to 3 million barrels a day. The price of Libyan crude oil has fallen $2 a barrel, and wholesale gasoline prices in Europe have just fallen about 24 per cent in two months. Because the price of much of the U.S. oil is controlled, the decline in world market prices has not yet had much effect here, but BP, Standard of Ohio, and Clark have already cut gasoline prices. Since tax and royalty payments do not go down with the market price, international oil companies are facing a profit squeeze. It is probably only a matter of time until the Senate votes government-guaranteed loans for the suffering oil industry.

Solzhenitsyn Unbound

Until February 13, 1974, Western opinion was united on Solzhenitsyn as on few subjects in living memory. He was the voice of the oppressed, the apostle of free speech, a prophet for our time. Then he was exiled. Within days he had offended pursuing newsmen by asking for a bit of privacy. His admirers began to wonder whether, cut off from his native land, he would be able to write. Some liberals turned cold upon reading his letter to the Soviet presidium: the prophet is a false prophet—he has harsh words for Daniel Ellsberg and democracy; he likes religion, doesn't like technology.

Solzhenitsyn's television interview with Walter Cronkite dispelled his admirers' fears; but it will do nothing to restore the faith of the newsmen and the liberals. As Walter Cronkite sat there looking more and more bewildered, Solzhenitsyn exuberantly expanded upon everything Cronkite brought up.

On detente: "International detente does nothing to help the situation inside the Soviet Union. . . . And when your businessmen conclude treaties—an alliance—with our leaders and say that trade guarantees peace, it's obvious to a child that's not true. . . . On the contrary, trade goes on so long as there is peace and when there isn't peace, there won't be any trade."

On the Western press: "I have to say that the Western press helped me and Sakharov and all of us to hold out for years, and particularly helped in August and September of last year. . . . Sakharov and I could have been squashed without Western public opinion. . . . [However] every profession must put some restraints on itself. . . . Honestly, the Western press is really not stopped by anything. Not the police, nobody can stop them, keep them off a person. . . . But what is strange is when this Western press gets to Moscow or Eastern Europe, or even to China . . . the great majority of them, they suddenly, those very men who here will stop at nothing, they become so modest and so *cautious* there, and so very careful. . . . [In Red China] if they hang up some kind of leaflet and a correspondent comes up to read it and some wretched little Red Guard tells him not to read it, the correspondent turns and walks away. Why do they do that? . . . Externally, the press must be absolutely free, as it is with you. . . . On the other hand I insist that if the press has such freedom in the West then it must carry the same kind of freedom when it gets into the East."

On the future of the U.S. and the USSR: "Believe me I want to tell you that there exists . . . a strong, steady sympathy on the part of the Russian people for

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the American people. . . . But this doesn't necessarily give us any great hopes for the future because we are not masters of our own fate for the time being. . . . Great countries don't have easy futures, easy fates."

A final impression, gained more from his manner than from his words: in the months before his exile, as he was inexorably pushing the Kremlin toward confrontation, the thought occasionally occurred that not only was Solzhenitsyn willing to risk death, he would almost welcome it. That impression was dispelled by actually watching him: angry, laughing, explaining, praising—one has seldom seen anyone more *alive*. Like his books, his person proclaims the irrepressibility of the spirit.

Paging Dr. Pangloss

Most of us didn't need the Carnegie Commission to tell us that hiring blacks and women on the basis of race and sex rather than merit was going to lower academic standards; nor are we flabbergasted that some of the beneficiaries of this policy are paid and promoted more than their equally or better qualified colleagues. But it all came as a painful shock to Tom Wicker, who tries to come to terms with the news in his *N.Y. Times* column.

"No one likes to be, or should be, discriminated against." On the other hand, some people should be discriminated *for*. That the latter entails the former has dawned on Wicker. He uses quotation marks around the phrase "affirmative action," as if to concede that it might as well be called "negative action," and he assures us it is "temporary" and "short-lived" (though "necessary" and even "valuable") as a means of "speed[ing] the day when all Americans can compete for education and jobs on an equal basis of merit," etc. It might be compared, you see, to a war to end all wars, or to the total state which, having secured a just order, thereupon withers away. Or to those temporary but necessary welfare programs that do the job of making people self-sufficient and then evaporate.

Are the victims of "affirmative action" angry? Sure they are, but "that anger is still misplaced, if understandable; it is like being angry at a painful treatment rather than at the wound or illness that made it"—and here's that word again—"necessary." The submerged metaphor, of course, is that of the body politic, and Dr. Wicker would have the de-advantaged white male take the large view of himself as a sort of gangrened toe. He must be amputated to save the life—remember, it's not "advisable," but "necessary"—to save the life of the whole. In reality, however, the value served is not survival, but symmetry: the toes of the left foot must go because of what has befallen the toes of the right foot. Perhaps Wicker himself should be envisioned as the mind, bracing the body for pain, but counseling it to bear its agony for its own greater good. A mere cliché, to be sure, and a very inapposite one. All the more reason to marvel at the liberal imagination, which feels itself

Punch Rothco

"I'd threaten to resign too, Henry, if I could be sure of a storm of protest urging me not to."

persuaded and even galvanized by things that befuddle and dispirit normal people.

Everyone this side of Ayn Rand admits the propriety of showing special consideration to the man who has suffered unusual hardship. But gross racial and sexual categories are unreliable indices of suffering and disadvantage. The problem of justice has to do with individuals, not races (much less sexes) as such, and the determination in the individual case must be referred to human compassion and prudence rather than HEW guidelines. Wicker apparently expects a little compensatory injustice today to produce, at some later date, the pure meritocracy in which those personal considerations will be obsolete. It is the now familiar error of supposing that we can distribute beneficence over the whole human race, with philosophic impartiality and Euclidean symmetry, while overstepping the hard if humble duty of loving our neighbor.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: WFB
FROM: Dan Oliver

Don't forget to call to the attention of the readers that beginning now we're experimenting with a new format for In This Issue. All contributors who haven't done so should send us candid photographs of themselves. And

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please, no baby pictures. Warn them there'll be changes until we evolve the best formula.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your statement to *Commonweal* Magazine, reprinted in *NR*, is grossly erroneous. You write that in your new book you have "listed the 19 states that are in fact net beneficiaries of federal funds. And these include every Southern state." In fact, Texas, the greatest Southern state, is doing much of the subsidizing.

I don't know which false impression is worse: that Texas is among the recipients, or that it is not a Southern state. I expect such geographical confusion from our many transplanted Chicagoans; Wellington's comment on birth is equally true in the converse. I expected Lyndon Johnson to deny his Southern heritage—Northern votes are more important than accuracy. Besides, the South was grateful for his personal denial. I did not expect it from an educated member of an old Texas family, even one which has since moved to Connecticut.

Texas was one of the earliest states to secede, and fought hard for the Confederacy. And, fortunately, we still have a pluralistic society. Using "modern" standards for determining regional loyalties is somewhat akin to streamlining Latin grammar, but I will add that today Texas is the greatest cotton producing state. There might be "Texans" who do not consider themselves to be Southerners—just as large numbers of the American literati do not identify with the United States at all. This is to be deplored, not encouraged. Sincerely,

Egon Richard Tausch
St. Mary's Law School
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Mr. Tausch: Okay, okay. But recall, 1) the governor of Texas at the time of secession deplored it, in favor of unionism; 2) Texas joined the union very late, and was even then thought of as a part of Southwest America; 3) the catalogue I gave of the poorer states "including all the Southern states" did not exclude only Texas, but also Florida (#24 in per capita wealth) and Virginia (#28), which I judged atypical, but not illegitimate. Still, you have a point, and have proved that the eyes of Texas are upon me. Cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Which page of your book reviews should one read and admire? On, say, June 21, 1974?

Page 709, Ruth Berenson praises Jacques Barzun: "Barzun has little patience with cant. . . . Certain critical . . . phrases infuriate him, . . . [including] references to the artist's 'solving a problem.' 'There are no problems in art and no solutions,' Barzun says flatly."

Page 711, Ronald de Feo praises Dan Jacobson who has suddenly decided "in mid-career to move in a new direction and to set new creative problems for himself."

Thank you, in advance, for your witty and illuminating solution to my problem. There are problems in reading, even your magazine.

Yours hopefully,
Paul Ramsey
Poet-in-Residence
U. of Tennessee, Chattanooga

Dear Mr. Ramsey: Mr. de Feo did not say that Dan Jacobson should *solve* the problems he set for himself. Yours cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As to Von Dreele's identity,
I have no curiosity
Since any answer is unpleasant:
Whomever he is, I wish he wasn't.

Very truly yours,
Rebekah Cornwall
Salt Lake City, Utah

Your answer, Miss Rebekah,
is not only unpleasant,
it is ungrammatical.

Cordially,
—WFB

New England Sea Chantey

Boston's School Held Segregated—AP June 21

In Boston, where we bake the bean
(We also love the lowly scrod)
We label segregation "mean."
(The Reds are stealing all the cod!)
But when they tell the likes of us
That Boston kids have got to bus,
His Honor better grab his truss . . .
(Tra-loo, tra-la, tra-lay.)

In olden times we took an ax
(If only folks would read Thoreau!)
To Southerners who hated blacks.
(Let's say a prayer for Mrs. Stowe.)
So when the Feds insinuate
That Boston doesn't integrate,
We let the bastards vegetate.
(Tra-loo, tra-la, tra-lay.)

We made our money on the sea
(A sailor's life is not a breeze.)
By selling blacks to slavery.
(Bostonians abhor a tease.)
But though we sold the slaves away
To Southerners—if they could pay—
We'd *never* market them today.
(Tra-loo, tra-la, tra-lay.)

W. H. VON DREELE

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Chevrolet Summit

TO PREPARE for Mr. Nixon's arrival the Soviet regime got Jews off the streets and pineapples onto the streets. The pineapples and other fresh fruit were put on sale at stands stationed along Mr. Nixon's motorcade route from Moscow airport to the Kremlin. Reasonably priced fresh fruit is at least as interesting to the Soviet citizen as a presidential visit. The fruit stands were designed to lure a nice crowd to the parade route. Never let it be said that Mr. Brezhnev is not a thoughtful host.

The Jews—specifically, leaders of the Jewish dissidents who want to emigrate from the Soviet Union—were arrested to prevent any unseemly demonstrations during the visit by the leader of the Free World. It would be nice (but, of course, wrong) to believe that it was to express disapproval of Soviet antisemitism that Mr. Nixon chose this year's gift for Mr. Brezhnev. The leader of the dictatorship of the proletariat is an automobile freak and when Mr. Nixon went to Moscow in 1972 he brought with him a nice bauble—a swank Lincoln Continental. This year he brought only a Chevrolet.

It would have been unreasonable, not to mention greedy, for Mr. Brezhnev to have expected the 1974 Summit to be as much of a bonanza as the 1972 Summit was. In 1972 Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger entered the Kremlin and immediately fell into late night, last minute bargaining about some complicated matters that the U.S. and Soviet delegations had not been able to resolve at the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Even in the best of times (and the May 1972 Summit will be remembered as the best of Mr. Nixon's times; the Watergate break-in was still a month off) Mr. Nixon did not really understand the complexities of strategic arms limitation problems, and neither did Mr. Kissinger. Mr. Kissinger is not an expert in this field, even when he has time to try to be, and he does not have time these days.

At Moscow in 1972 Mr. Nixon signed an unnecessarily permissive agreement limiting offensive weapons. To take just one example, it permitted the Soviet Union to deploy more submarine-based missiles than we even had reason to believe the Soviet Union would be able to build and deploy in the five years the agreement covers. This had the effect of legitimizing an unnecessarily high limit on Soviet missiles.

This year's Summit did not produce anything as dramatic as the 1972 offensive weapons agreement, and thank God for small favors. This was truly a Chevrolet summit, and it is instructive to note why.

Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kissinger probably wanted to negotiate a major arms limitation agreement at this Summit. But they were inhibited by a preemptive strike by Senator Jackson. In 1972 Mr. Nixon brought back the offensive arms limitation agreement and, when Senator Jackson summoned Defense Department officials and military leaders to discuss it, they dutifully testified that they thought it was just fine. This year Senator Jackson summoned them to Capitol Hill in advance of the Summit to get their opinions on record. He asked them to testify—under oath—about the sort of arms agreements that they now think would be prudent. These Defense and military leaders must have relished the opportunity to cooperate with Senator Jackson.

THERE IS something particularly appropriate about high Defense and military leaders using the Jackson hearing as a form of revenge against Mr. Kissinger's policy of virtually excluding them from the policy formation process. The feeling of being excluded is something Mr. Kissinger is now beginning to learn something about.

Mr. Kissinger and Mr. Nixon have never been close personally. Their relationship has always been correct but distinctly cool. And now there is a new, serious strain on the relationship. Mr. Nixon simply cannot stand Mr. Kissinger's celebrated successes. Mr. Nixon is traveling these days to put some physical distance and some impressive headlines between himself and his domestic troubles. He wants to persuade the nation that he, personally, is essential to world peace. That is what led him to make that embarrassing statement in Moscow emphasizing his close personal relationship with Mr. Brezhnev. But it is not easy for Mr. Nixon to look imposing and essential while Mr. Kissinger is appearing on the cover of *Newsweek* portrayed as Superman singlehandedly solving world problems. And Mr. Nixon must still be seething about Mr. Kissinger's Salzburg temper tantrum. In Salzburg Mr. Kissinger declared that U.S. foreign policy would be crippled if the *Secretary of State* were under a cloud of suspicion. So now Mr. Nixon has jerked on the leash. In Moscow Mr. Nixon and Mr. Brezhnev met alone for the kind of discussions that Mr. Kissinger would have attended last year. The putdown of Mr. Kissinger was conspicuous and was meant to be. Such conspicuous slights are a new experience for Mr. Kissinger. He will not suffer them quietly or, probably, for long. Thus in Moscow he complained in front of newsmen that he was not being informed about what was going on, and that he had nothing to do except walk along ten paces behind Mr. Nixon. He later denied that he had meant what he said "literally."

Mr. Kissinger's happy position of preeminence in Washington is vulnerable because of Mr. Nixon's desperate need for perceived preeminence in the ongoing U.S. foreign policy drama. Mr. Nixon has decided that he must stay in Washington, fighting all the way. Mr. Kissinger does not need to do that. Mr. Kissinger must know that his sun has passed its zenith and that the longer he stays, the harder it will be for him to leave with his remarkable reputation intact. Mr. Nixon almost certainly wants to calibrate the deemphasis of Mr. Kissinger so carefully that Mr. Kissinger will not leave the Administration. But such things are not easy to calibrate, especially when dealing with a man as subtle as Mr. Kissinger. □

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A CRITIQUE

Thoughts about Humanist Manifesto II

DANTE GERMINO

IT IS 40 years since *Humanist Manifesto I* (1933) appeared. Events since then make that earlier statement seem far too optimistic." So, with refreshing candor, runs the opening sentence of *Humanist Manifesto II*, a statement of conviction edited by Paul Kurtz and Edwin H. Wilson and signed by scores of literary and academic *illuminati*, including Isaac Asimov, A. J. Ayer, John Ciardi, Dr. Francis Crick, Sidney Hook,. Sir Julian Huxley, Zhores Medvedev, Gunnar Myrdal, Andrei Sakharov, and (of course) B. F. Skinner. And yet, was *Manifesto I* discredited by "events" or because of its own basic theoretical misconceptions? And if the latter, what is to prevent the more recent version from similarly calling forth the need for revised Manifestos III, IV, V, etc. at ever narrowing intervals, given the accelerating pace of "social change" *à la* Toffler and other "future shock" sociologists, in a vain attempt to accomplish in action what was misconceived in thought?

The same theoretical errors are indeed committed in *Manifesto II* that we find in *Manifesto I*, which had been primarily the work of the late John Dewey. They may be summarized as follows: 1) dogmatic anti-theism; 2) the zeal for an impossible total solution to "the problem of human living"; 3) an hubristic anthropology which presumes man capable of self-salvation; 4) an excessive reliance on science and technology verging at times on messianic "scientism"; 5) a contradictory image of man which at once portrays him as the shaper of his culture and as "molded" by it; and 6) an immanentist world view which leaves man symbolically impoverished, cut off from the deeper levels of meaning found in premodern (and, ergo, ipso facto "outmoded" and "reactionary") linguistic forms and rituals.

"As in 1933," declare the editors of *Manifesto II*, "humanists still believe that traditional theism, especially faith in the prayer-hearing God, assumed to love and care for persons, to hear and understand their prayers, and to be able to do something about them, is an unproved and outmoded faith. [It appears that faith can be "proved," despite Hebrews 11:1-3!] Salvationism . . . still appears as harmful, diverting people with false hopes of heaven hereafter." And yet a purely secular declaration of faith is said to be needed for our "times of uncertainty." Hence the new *Manifesto*.

Here one has in capsule form the intellectual difficulties which plague the above proclamation. How can the editors and signers of *Manifesto II* claim to speak for "humanists" in general, as if humanism were a church which they can read others out of for alleged heresy? Who is to say and on what authority that there can be no such thing as a *theocentric* humanism? How can a movement which proclaims itself as antidogmatic reveal such dogmatism in its pronouncements? How can a group of signers with so much prestige in educated circles propagate such a caricature of theocentric philosophical and religious thought as to portray theism as encouraging blind belief in a God who rewards the faithful with worldly success and the solution to temporal problems? It is as if the proclaimers seriously take, say, Norman Vincent Peale to be a more authentic spokesman for Christianity than Augustine or Kierkegaard. What does all this tell us about the condition of so much of today's higher learning? Finally, who is encouraging "false hopes"—a contemporary theocentric philosopher such as Eric Voegelin, who seeks to illumine the human condition as a field of tension and uncertainty between openness and closure, life and death, attunement and revolt; or the signers of *Manifesto II*, who extol a "new age" in which "we" learn to "control our environment, conquer poverty . . . significantly modify our behavior [in what ways and by what means?], alter the course of human evolution and cultural development, unlock vast new powers [for good or for evil?], . . ." etc.?

IT IS true, and properly to be acknowledged by any critic, that, in some respects at least, *Manifesto II* attempts to soften the doctrinaire, apodictic tone of *Manifesto I*. It speaks of the necessity to "control" the abuses of technology and the need to "temper reason" with humility (p. 17). Yet, one of the many insights which *Manifesto II* nowhere manifests is an understanding of the inherent difficulty of determining who is to do the controlling and to what ends. The document rather automatically assumes that right-thinking "humanists" of the kind who signed the statement will do the controlling, and that (naturally) they will be benevolent. Given the overall orientation of the statement and its devastatingly simplistic "solutions" to all the vexing problems of the *conditio humana* from sexual behavior (and misbehavior) to war, poverty, foreign assistance, and world government, one is inclined to interpret its obeisances to humility as the last respects paid by its authors to an "outmoded" virtue prior to its replacement by full-fledged one-dimensional, technocratic "rationality." Until its inevitable supersession by *Humanist Manifesto III*, then, one is inclined to regard *Manifesto II* as the most convincing recent demonstration of the deficiencies of a purely secular humanism. In that respect, it is indeed a significant document. □

Mr. Germino is Professor of Government and Foreign Affairs at the University of Virginia.

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Reflections on the Issue of Gay Rights

DAVID BRUDNOY ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

IN DEBATE last year with Germaine Greer, the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW observed that women's liberation and the women's liberation *movement* are not synonymous. So too with homosexual liberation and its apparatus. *NR*'s response to various liberation causes in flower over the past few years has been one of initial hostility, tempered later by a mellowing, a more sober consideration of the group's aspiration, and then (at least with the Negro and female causes) refined into intelligent, forthright acceptance of the legitimacy of certain aspects of those thrusts for legal and societal equality, albeit still resisting outrageousness within this liberation group and that.

I would contend that the time when *NR*'s hostility to all but "discreet" homosexuals should be customary in these pages has passed. I urge this not out of contempt for heterosexuality, marriage, or Western civilization, although I wonder if someone sometime might paraphrase Dr. Johnson's quip about patriotism and scoundrels, to the effect that ritualistic appeal to "Western civilization" is the last line of defense for agitated conservatives. Nor is my view occasioned by unreserved approval of homosexual liberationism. Unlike my friend Bill Buckley, who doesn't claim the attribute for himself, I think I *do* possess the conservative temperament; not infrequently I am appalled by the radical temperament, one required for unreserved enthusiasm for the movement under examination.

NR has regularly manifested an attitude toward homosexuals which I once shared, but which, like my position on feticide, has altered in recent years. I have elsewhere suggested that future generations might look back on legally sanctioned abortion as a barbarism of our age. Our descendants may also view America's contemporary attitude toward homosexuals as unconscionable. The link between these two matters, not perhaps immediately apparent, is that of a disdainful attitude toward human life: in the one case, callousness toward those as yet unborn persons whose alleged inconvenience to some is "justification" for killing; in the other, callousness toward those for whom, as *NR*'s June 7 editorial "Gay Rights" put it, ten American cities have attempted to "assure the so-called civil rights": "homosexuals and other deviants."

At issue is legislation recently defeated in New York City, which aimed at ending discrimination against people because of "sexual orientation," that clause lately added to the usual litany of attributes which society has now decided not to consider justifiable grounds for bias. Resistance to this bill (Int. 2-A) could rest on libertarian grounds. To the extent that Senator Goldwater was right when he voted against the 1964 Civil Rights legislation on constitutional grounds because of its public accommodations sections, one would be right to oppose Int. 2-A: the libertarian-conservative objection is directed against laws regulating *private* activity, not against those seeking a halt to impertinent discrimination by *government* agencies. Some conservatives would disagree, certainly, but those with whom I choose to throw in my lot (e.g., *NR* conservatives) oppose foolish bias in those areas under the aegis of government: hiring for police and fire departments, schools, post offices, the

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Besides NR, *Mr. Brudnoy contributes regularly to* The Alternative, Human Events, *and* Ideas.

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military, bureaucracy, etc. Were Int. 2-A merely designed to oblige private citizens to associate with those to whom they object, in this case homosexuals, opposition to it would flow naturally from libertarian-conservative principles.

Or: to the extent that, however reluctantly, we now accept the thrust of those civil rights laws already intruding into the private sphere on behalf of some victims of unjustifiable discrimination, we ought to accept gracefully the extension of those rights to homosexuals too, and for the same reasons: 1) granting such rights to all but one group of Americans is inconsistent and vicious; and 2) discrimination against groups *per se*, as Rand neatly said of racism, is the practice of a "barnyard version of socialism," joining the enemy (collectivists of any sort) on their turf.

The dilemma is apparent: as libertarians we can't sanction civil rights laws violating private activity and property; but as conservatives we can't approve unnecessary discrimination. Had *NR* wrestled with that problem, adding to it an unequivocal call for legislation to forbid any *government* discrimination against homosexuals, that would be all, at this stage, one could hope for.

Alas, libertarian impulses played little part in the editorial, and the usual conservative wellsprings of gentleness seem almost to have dried up concerning this one group. The editorial noted that Int. 2-A's language "would make homosexuality merely another lifestyle in the eyes of the law." But precisely such should be the case with law. So long as private activity doesn't involve forced compliance with someone else's will, the law shouldn't interfere. Obviously there are homosexual chauvinists who, like heterosexual chauvinists, would (if they could) force their lifestyles on others. But the vast majority of those in question merely want equality under the law, for the same reason that, say, blacks demanded it: to ensure constitutionally guaranteed rights. After which, but only voluntarily and probably only over many decades, would—*must*—come true human acceptance.

The editorial considers voter rejection in Boulder, Colorado of a measure similar to Int. 2-A, evidence of an "expression of ordinary human feeling [a more humane egalitarianism is not, one supposes, quite as human], . . . a prejudice in the Burkean sense of the word: the intuition of norms and assumptions that lie at the roots of Western civilization." Then follows reference to Scripture, which is, I would submit, beside the point. God (literally) help us if we ran our lives on fundamentalist lines; one could leaf through Scripture and find a variety of awful practices we would have to follow were we to emulate the Bible without modification. Sure, "the family 'was there from the beginning,' at least so far as Western civilization is concerned." So, soon after, was slavery. So was the stoning to death of women for adultery. So was . . .

I'm not urging *NR*'s editors or readers, or anyone, to *be* homosexuals, to *like* homosexuality, or even to *approve* it, although everyone connected with this magazine is bound to have homosexual friends and knows full well that tremendous human worth appears in homosexuals as frequently as in heterosexuals. I ask this journal to grapple seriously with a problem that can't be whisked away by pontificating: "discreet homosexuals probably suffer a minimum of discrimination. These homosexual 'rights' bills are, accordingly, really a form of ideological assault, rather than humanitarian measures." If by "discreet" is meant *secret*, then yes of course. Secret Jews escaped the Inquisition, and Negroes passing as Caucasian escaped racism too. Is that the final word from *NR*? Hide it and you're OK, but step out of that closet and you're akin to an SLA terrorist? Tell it to Noël Coward.

Granted, this is a touchy subject, compared with which that of what to do about pot laws is as fluff. Because, as the editorial notes, homosexual rights bills do "strike at fundamental ethical assumptions." But rather toothlessly, unless—could an altered legal status for homosexuals somehow miraculously finish off heterosexuality? Is heterosexuality that fragile? If so, then only the ultimate solipsist could fail to oppose such legal changes. Surely the editors don't fear that. Surely they know that homosexuality has existed throughout recorded human history, side by side with heterosexuality; that however much one civilization or another (e.g., medieval Japan, Elizabethan England, contemporary Araby and Thailand, classical Greece, although the latter is disputed, if unconvincingly) accepted homosexuality without much ado, heterosexuality survived, indeed flourished as the accepted, chosen mode of behavior by the majority.

So what danger lurks in decriminalizing consensual adult homosexual behavior, a proposal made by William Buckley in 1970? And what evil is to be found in forbidding discrimination against homosexuals by government agencies? In the battle over Int. 2-A, New York's Roman Catholic archdiocesan leadership, segments of the Orthodox rabbinate, the fire and police brotherhoods, and others reached into the bottom of the barrel to defeat the measure. Many old canards were trotted out: child molestation (a phenomenon statistically much more prevalent among heterosexuals than among homosexuals, as every police blotter attests); destruction of teamwork in the fire and police departments (No Irish Need Apply revisited); and on, ad nauseam. It grieves me that *NR*, though by no means descending to that witless level, insisted nonetheless, by way of ridiculing homosexuals' aspirations for a bettered legal status, on totemistically dragging out "Western civilization" and that bogeyman the "ideological assault" supposed to emanate from such bills. *NR* would do well to become acquainted with the serious homosexual press, journals like the (Boston) *Gay Community News* and the (Los Angeles) *Advocate*, and see who is assaulting whom. The well documented picture of police harassment and personal bigotry against homosexuals is . . . shocking.

I've just read the current *Harper's* excerpt from *The Gulag Archipelago*, in which Solzhenitsyn lists and describes the ways Soviet Russia brutalizes human beings. It is on a lesser scale, of course, a much lesser scale, but the maltreatment of homosexuals, including the psychologically debilitating sense of shame and guilt *imposed* by heterosexuals, is also scandalous, unnecessary, and should offend sensitive conservatives as well as liberals and radicals. *NR*, which more than most magazines upholds kindness and justice, should be, if not yet leading those working to change that situation, at least not bolstering those seeking to preserve a cruel status quo. □

—David Brudnoy

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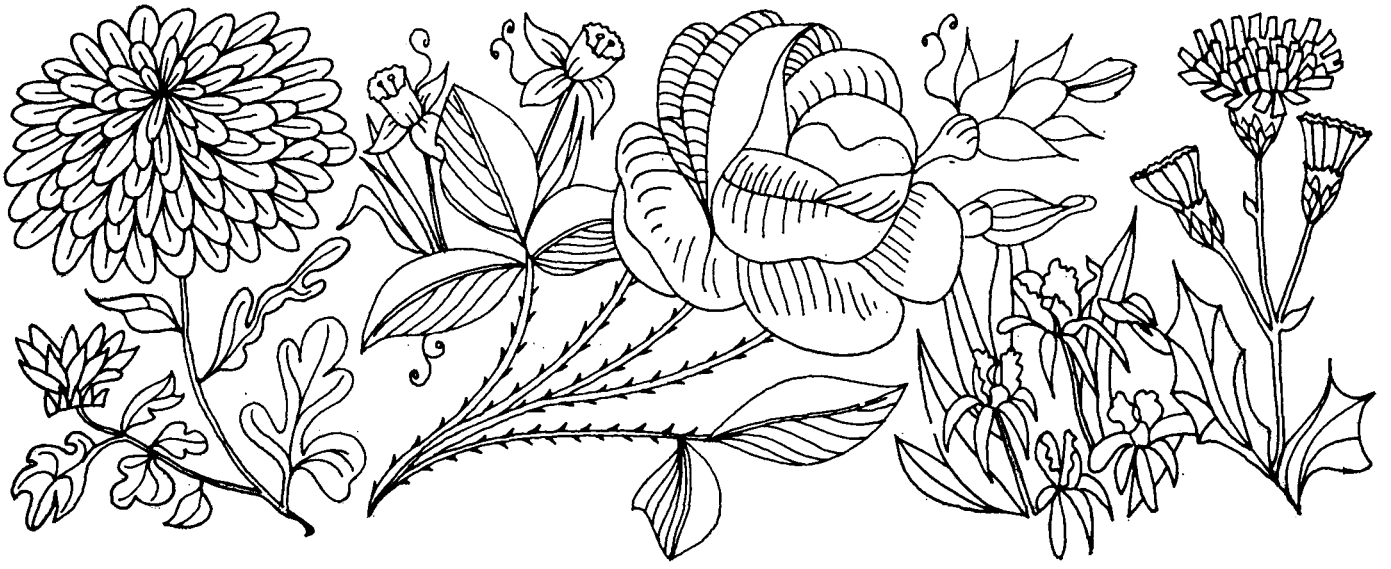

It is no easy task, but I must overcome my modesty. I have to mention, lest I be misunderstood, that I objected more than 20 years ago to legal punishment for homosexual acts and argued that homosexuality is not a disease, although most—not all—homosexuals suffer from psychic disorders which color their sexual life.[1] However, the "rights" which homosexual organizations so flamboyantly attempt to foist on the community in no way follow from these views. I object to these "rights" because they would unduly restrict the freedom of the majority.

Let me briefly reiterate my views. If homosexuality is not a disease, the threat of punishment could theoretically deter. In practice it does not when the act involves two consenting adults; they are unlikely to testify against each other. (When there is no competent consent, or an obscene display, this, rather than the homosexual nature of the act, should be the offense.) Where homosexual acts spring from disease, punishment could not help as therapy or deterrent much more than it helps with arthritis. Either way, punishment does not seem to reduce the spread of homosexuality; nor does nonpunishment (as in Italy or France) increase it.

Is it a disease? The question is not idle, even though punishment need not depend on it. If a disease, or defect, involves involuntary endogenous pain or discomfort, or dysfunction, or shortening of the life span, then homosexuality need not be defined as a disease, or even a symptom of disease. It need not be uncomfortable or dysfunctional to those concerned; it does not shorten the life span; it need not be involuntary.

As to treatment, its advisability has little to do with whether homosexuality is a disease. Therapists, including psychoanalysts, legitimately and often treat conditions that are not diseases; fixing a woman's nose, or helping her to give birth, or to abort, is not treating a disease. But therapists must confine themselves to treating what the patients want treated.[2] Platonic ideas of health and normality must be rejected as clinical criteria for treatment. I have no objection—at least I do not want to raise any—to philosophical ideals of healthy or "natural" man. But therapists are not—and I hope will never become—agents of a platonic philosophy or society: they are hired or invited by patients to treat them. (Those involuntarily committed are an exception—a seldom justifiable exception, as Thomas Szasz has rightly and often pointed out.) Homosexuality *per se* does not indicate a need for treatment. A patient—sick or not—may ask to be treated if he is unhappy enough to wish to change. What change—sexual or otherwise—is possible and useful to the patient cannot be meaningfully described in general terms, except that some reduction of conflicts within him will be involved.

Even if punishment—or unwanted treatment—were effective, I still could not see any justification for coercing people to give up their sexual choice. A more strictly Judaic or Christian society might try. But ours is a secular and fairly pluralistic society, and homosexuality (unlike, e.g., pornography), being by nature self-limiting, is unlikely to endanger its basic values; wherefore punishment of homosexuality is not needed to preserve those values. We have no good reason to regulate by law consensual sexual acts performed in private. And regulation has disadvantages, ranging from distasteful infringement on individual privacy (and possibilities of blackmail) to suffering imposed on otherwise law-abiding citizens for private acts.

That much about homosexuality. Homosexuals are quite another matter. In our society, most homosexuals are likely to experience some psychic disorder which affects their sexual life: it appears unlikely that they would voluntarily choose homosexuality, even if no more a disease than vegetarianism, when it is so heavily penalized and when heterosexual activities are approved and available. One may voluntarily choose an unpopular conviction or person. But the chances of altogether voluntary choice of a penalized *class* of sex objects are fairly small. The involuntariness makes some psychic pathology likely. This need not apply to all current homosexuals; but exceptions are just that.

1. "Notes on Homosexuality and Its Cultural Setting" in *The Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society*, edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1963.
2. Not, of course, in the literal sense. The presenting symptom—a headache—may require treatment of things the patient did not think of. Even then, he must be told and he must give informed consent. Treatment without consent is not only painful, it is also futile as well as immoral.

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Matters might be different in a society that objected less to homosexuality. But we don't live in such a society, and our current homosexuals were not brought up in it. Their choice was scarcely voluntary.

If we do not punish, it does not follow that we mean to approve. An act may remain a sin though not a crime. Legally permissible acts may well be regarded as immoral or offensive. Dropping legal punishment implies no individual or social obligation to foster homosexuality or even to prevent some kinds of discrimination. The "rights" currently demanded by homosexual organizations must be weighed against the interests of society, which do not depend on whether members are sick or on why they are homosexual. The social interest depends on the quality of life society prefers.

Consider now educational institutions. The *New York Times* (June 5, 1974) described the developments that are taking place:

> . . . student homosexuals have gained widespread recognition, financial backing, and often the support of campus health officials.
>
> . . . homosexual activism has increased this spring.
>
> . . . court suits by homosexuals demanding recognition . . . have ended in favor of the homosexuals.
>
> "The coming out of gay groups is one of the most positive things that has happened on this campus," said Paul Ginsberg, dean of students at the University of Wisconsin.
>
> . . . there [are] between 200 and 250 homosexual student groups on campuses across the country, most of them officially recognized.
>
> . . . the California State Department of Health gave Stanford University's Gay People's Union a $30,000 grant, which could total $89,000 over three years, to help meet the mental health needs of homosexuals.
>
> At Cornell, a group called the Ithaca Gay Liberation receives about $2,000 a year from the university's Student Finance Commission, mostly to pay for rent on its two-room Gay People's Center. And the group publishes its own newspaper, *The Lavender Opinion.*

Educational institutions exist at least in part so that students can be taught, and, one hopes, learn. Universities are not meant to teach anything and everything. By definition, they are meant to be selective in what they teach and approve, in the values they transmit, the range of lifestyles they tolerate on campus. Universities need not and should not exclude homosexual individuals, or object to their preferences, or hold them in contempt. But endorse homosexual groups? Cultivate homosexual lifestyles? Convey to the students that one thing is just as good as the other, and that the university approves as much of one as it approves of the other? We are not dealing here with freedom, but with the presumption that all the kinds of behavior in which people engage by virtue of their freedom are of equal value, the presumption that a public institution must equally endorse or be hospitable to all lifestyles. If it were to do so, a university would give up its educational mission. For that mission involves a preference for some values over others.

One need not reject homosexuality, then, to recognize the right of the university not to endorse, sponsor, or cultivate it. Universities should not be compelled to sponsor nudist picnics, transvestite dances, necrophiliac clubs, or gay clubs, dances, or picnics, or any other kind of deviant lifestyle or activity. The government may not prevent a private university from sponsoring what it wishes. But certainly a public institution should not volunteer or be compelled to sponsor, cultivate, and foster values and lifestyles beyond the range of those it exists to cultivate and elaborate.[3]

This has little to do with hiring homosexuals or enrolling them. It is obvious—from Socrates to Santayana—that homosexuality need not impair teaching or intellectual ability. A university department that excludes a qualified person because of homosexuality is foolish and self-defeating. But wisdom cannot be legislated. Attempts to compel departments by law to hire or keep homosexuals are not going to help. This is a good area for the government to stay away from. The attempt to prescribe to universities whom they can or must hire (as distinguished from attempts to persuade them to apply reasonable criteria) can succeed only at the expense of their quality, which is being steadily lowered now by such attempts. Meritorious homosexuals are better off without such help; so are meritorious conservatives, Catholics, and Jews; and meritorious blacks and women also would be better off without the "help" they are getting. So would the universities.

In American public life there is a tendency to what may be called legal extremism. The Warren Court was not content with ending involuntary segregation. It insisted on replacing it with compulsory congregation. It may take another 20 years before the matter will come into focus. Meanwhile, the damage to children has been immense. So has the expense. Similarly, now the statutory or customary exclusion of homosexuals is not just to be dropped—which would be fine. It is to be replaced by statutory inclusion. *Medicina pejor morbus.*

Nondiscrimination laws in favor of blacks were meant to reduce the freedom of employers to select their employees, to discriminate arbitrarily. (But "affirmative action" programs, invented by HEW [See "Are Quotas Here to Stay?" *NR*, April 26], threaten to escalate matters so as to reduce employer ability to discriminate—fairly—by merit as well, another instance of legal extremism.) The freedom of employers to discriminate irrationally by race was actually used to impair the right blacks should have had to be employed according to their merits. They were nearly universally excluded from better jobs, regardless of merit. Hence the drastic remedy, which restricted the freedom of employers in favor of the disadvantaged minority group, had some justification.

By no stretch of the imagination is the situation of homosexuals analogous to that of blacks. They never were and they are not universally excluded from better jobs. There is little actual employment discrimination against them, and it is rapidly diminishing. There are industries

3. Student life should be deinstitutionalized when students disagree on what to sponsor. The university, while retaining its instructional functions, should allow students to organize their own life outside—without granting money or amenities to any one student group. Student activity fees should be abolished. Homosexual students need not be compelled to finance heterosexual activities and vice versa. If the activity is worth their while, interested students can finance it without compelling others to.

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and activities where homosexuals are preferred for well-paying and prestigious jobs. The attempt to restrict employer freedom in their favor appears to be motivated by a wish for recognition, for equal prestige, rather than by a grievance about material disadvantages. But public policy should not attempt to compel equal esteem for homosexuals. Many people dislike homosexuality, which they, more or less consciously, at one time rejected. They are entitled to their dislike, and the government is not entitled to try to compel people to give up their "prejudice." A society is entitled to preserve its lifestyle, i.e., its culture; i.e., its preferences; i.e., its prejudices.

Homosexuals' activities are "victimless" as far as individual victims are concerned. But this does not entitle them to esteem, prestige, or "equal rights." Transvestism or necrophilia too are "victimless." The dead do not suffer. It is the living who prohibit what offends them. We need not prohibit but we certainly are entitled to be offended by homosexual preferences. It is in this respect that the suspicion that homosexuality is usually a symptom of disorder becomes relevant. It explains why homosexuals and homosexuality often are perceived as offensive. Those who habitually select homosexual objects differ importantly from those who select dead ones; but both are usually fixated, or have returned to, a very early developmental stage owing to unconscious fears which prevent them from fully accepting their sexual identification. This fixation, or regression, or rejection, is disturbing and, therefore, offensive to people who have accepted their sexual identification, who are heterosexual.

Given the common dislike, what rights ought to be granted to homosexuals? Employers should be compelled to hire people only 1) when these are in danger of being excluded from all reasonable opportunities, 2) when the characteristics that make employers reluctant are not likely to interfere with, are irrelevant to, the jobs to be performed. Since homosexuals do not lack job opportunities, there is no reason for *compelling* employers to hire them. Moreover, in some occupations, homosexuality may well be relevant, may interfere with the job.

Should we have homosexual prison guards? The law proscribing discrimination by sexual orientation—just barely defeated in the New York City Council recently—would have compelled it. Yet the argument against hiring them is as good as the argument against having male guards for female prisoners. To be sure, some homosexuals manage to sneak by anyway. But there is no reason at all for deliberately hiring them or for not disqualifying those found out. *Mutatis mutandis* this goes for a number of occupations. It does not apply to most occupations—to business, advertising, publicity, banking, selling, journalism, law, medicine, etc.—and homosexuals are plentiful in these activities.

The case of homosexual teachers in public primary and secondary schools bears additional scrutiny. Parents are forced to send their children to schools by compulsory attendance laws. Surely they ought to have some say about who teaches and what is taught so that children are not taught values morally abhorrent to their parents by people who are equally so. A platonic model of health, I said earlier, should be rejected by therapists. But a platonic moral model of a teacher is quite reasonable: a teacher in primary or secondary school must transmit and model values within the range approved by the community; and he must not transmit values repugnant to it. School boards, for example, should not be compelled to hire teachers who are prostitutes on the side—even when that occupation is perfectly legal. Parents no more should be forced to have their children undergo unwanted teaching by unwanted teachers than patients should be forced to undergo unwanted treatment.

The question is not whose values are better. Parents who are compelled to send their children to school are entitled to have their range of values transmitted by the schools. The values to be transmitted are not to be determined by an elite of homosexuals, judges, or professional educators. Parents are entitled as well to exclude teachers who cannot or will not transmit values within the parentally accepted range, who—voluntarily or otherwise—are unsuitable as models for the children. Whether the teacher fits should not be decided by law. It should be decided by the representatives of the parents whose children must attend school.

There are unquestionably some excellent teachers who are homosexuals and there is no objection at all to school boards' hiring or keeping them—as long as the boards want to. There is every objection to compelling them to. Most of the time colleagues and some students or parents are aware of the preferences of such teachers, and they are kept on, or hired, because these preferences have turned out not to interfere. The situation would be quite different if school boards were compelled to hire or keep homosexuals. If any are to be excluded, the burden of proof would then be on the employer. And it is not really possible to demonstrate in court why a particular homosexual is not fit.

Teachers do not just instruct children. They also serve as models. Particularly when children come from disturbed families this function is extremely important. Now, the homosexual teacher may not make the heterosexual boy into a homosexual. Yet he cannot serve as a male model in the same way in which a heterosexual teacher could. Further, though it is entirely true that early intrafamilial events are more likely to determine sexual leanings than later school experiences (one reason why "sex education" is a most dubious proposition), it does not follow that these play no role whatever. They can lead to panic reactions, breakdowns, and a great variety of at least temporary aberrations.

The attempt to get legislators to force school boards or prison authorities or indeed anyone to hire homosexuals seems utterly unreasonable and unfair to the majority. If the values of the culture are to be transmitted to children, school boards must be free to hire teachers willing and able to do so, and to serve as models for the children. If prisoners are to be guarded by guards—at whose mercy they are—who have no sexual interest in them, homosexuals must not be hired. If freedom is to be preserved, forced hiring should be imposed only when indispensable to relieve the patently unjust plight of a minority whose disabilities do not interfere with the jobs for which they are to be hired. □

—Ernest van den Haag

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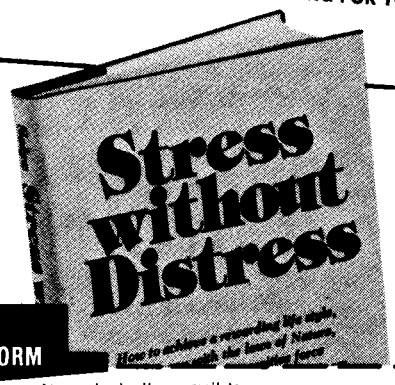

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May 5
George Washington University

PERHAPS MY education can be of some use to your own. The first experience I had of commencement exercises came in 1948 at my high school graduation. I then heard that the world was newly safe for democracy; that education was the one sure hope for human progress; and that the innocent young would avoid the mistakes of all previous generations. This was pleasing and I believed it. Almost immediately the Iron Curtain was drawn and Korea began a generation of brushfire wars. Four years later, at my own baccalaureate exercises, I was treated to more of the same with additions: that the United Nations was the guarantee of world peace; that depressions and recessions were things of the past; and that all problems were soluble to technology. Almost with the delivery of these lines the McCarthy hearings began; Asia and Africa began to dissolve in revolution; and the problems of affluence crept abreast of its solutions. When I got my master's degree the assurances from the podium were still repeated, with these additions: that crime and disease were only stages en route to universal perfection; that anti-Communism was no longer a necessary political attitude; and that the right distribution of taxes would solve most human problems. With the utterance, the Soviet Union invaded Hungary, and the British, exhausted by Suez, handed themselves and the world over to the class of 1956. When, a short time later, I attended my doctoral ceremonies all the above promises were tendered along with the assurance that anxieties of race, aging, and personal morality were temporary; and that a new relationship with the rest of the world was now to begin. In close sequence came the news of the overthrow of new democracies in Asia, Africa, and South America and the perfection of the infamous wall around East Berlin. And of some American advisers' being dispatched to Cochinchina, soon to be known as Vietnam. I suppose the commencements I have attended have been on the whole bad news for modern times.

I would like to spare you some of the humbug offered to my own generation.

My high school, Erasmus Hall, was generally held to be the oldest in the United States, for it had been founded by the Dutch long before the colonies thought of revolting—or in fact before there were any colonies at all. I learned there the simplest of practical lessons. First among them was that prayer was probably the most effective way of attacking algebra. Otherwise, that academic life had two parts: the first was involuntary servitude in the classroom; the second the splendid exploration of libraries and museums that gave satisfaction to the mind hoping to see, in the works of great men, a reason to respect and learn the ideas they had created.

I LEFT high school in 1948 and went to sea, the last, very nearly, of those who did so because of Melville and Dana and other authors too humble to commemorate. I think I learned as much here as at school, although I would not offer the experience for credit. I learned how to speak some foreign languages because these were the only ones in stock. I met men above me intellectually who in their cranky and self-destructive shipboard lives had learned Plato by heart and argued out the Dialogues. Like Conrad, although with less insight, I saw most of the vices and some of the virtues and came to terms with all that. Although I didn't know it fully, when I went back to college—as I hope you will go back from time to time from action to contemplation—I had made some little progress in education. I found it important to know and get along with those not literate but whose imagination and sense of things exceeded my own. I tested the difference between the real and the rational, which extended from polishing brass in a hurricane to the discovery that free choice implied alternatives for others that I myself found unacceptable.

So, at the age of 18 I had some different kinds of knowledge. A very good high school education which would now I suppose be considered a museum piece. Familiarity with the world as it actually is. And a heavy load of those mental prejudices which are every year condensed into graduation addresses. As it turned out, this was not much preparation for Harvard around 1950.

At that time the university sincerely believed in its preeminence and each day was passed in the confident expectation that the power of intelligence exceeded the resistance of those problems to which it was applied. My teachers showed professional and I think personal greatness. It was at that time customary for scholars to teach well and I am still proud of the example of their commitment. As a freshman I was taught by the president of the university, James Bryant Conant, who later became High Commissioner for Germany. Samuel Beer taught me history and Clyde Kluckhohn anthropology; both with the most informed passion and style. As a sophomore I took courses with Harry Levin, John Finley, and McGeorge Bundy; as a junior with Pitirim Sorokin; as a senior with Talcott Parsons. Throughout the four years I worked in the laboratory of Harry Murray, without whose work modern psychology would not be the same. Certainly my own life would not be.

I invoke these names because they deserve respect; teachers after all are as good as politicians. And I hope that among you there are those who will replace them.

I naturally learned what these men had to teach and assimilated their respect for work and disciplined intelligence. What I admired most of all was the careful distinction they observed between their own views and their duty of teaching. They were disinterested men: Samuel Beer, a future president of the ADA, teaching the views of his adversaries with superb attention to their virtues, McGeorge Bundy, a lifelong

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scholar of European history, gracefully changing my grade from C to B when I pointed out that my own views, at least three weeks old, deserved the encouragement I invited him to bestow. Although fundamentally inept at science I spent a year with Conant, astonishing both of us with the grim upward crawl from the first D to the last A.

I learned also that enough was enough, and stopped going to classes after two years. I spent the last two years of college in Widener Library, coming up briefly for air, and on the banks of the Charles where I didn't do much of anything.

I left Harvard somewhat as Samuel Johnson approached Oxford, with a stock of knowledge that would have astonished a philosopher and an amount of ignorance that would have disgraced a freshman. On my own commencement day 22 years ago I spent the morning with family and friends, proving to them and to myself that four years of education were now official because I had a cap and gown to show for it. After lunch I left for Alaska.

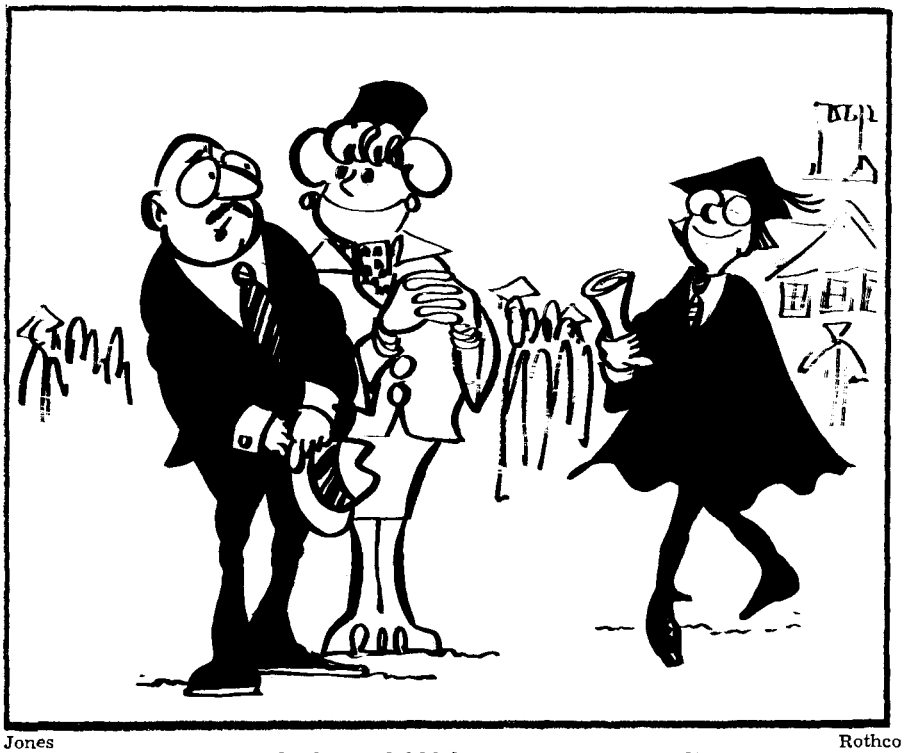
I wasn't the first man from my college to use a pick and shovel—in fact, although the trip from Cambridge to Walden was much shorter, the transformation was probably more noticeable for another student who had preceded me by about a hundred years. Anyhow, I worked on the last section of the great Alcan Highway, which wound from the port of Valdez through the glaciers and mountains of the southern coast to Fairbanks. A sensible man learns from everything. I learned to stay away from bears and to share the loathing of glacial water of everyone who has had to work immersed in it. I saw sets of prejudices new to me —mainly dedicated to the extermination of animals and the conversion of the land into a commodity. I also saw that bush flying and bulldozing were honorable vocations, and that selling groceries 5,000 miles from Boston was more of an accomplishment than it looked. I had to admit that Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England* was no more fascinating than the actual process of building a road, converting a wide place on the right of way into a community; that in turn producing school, church, and every other form of organization. The wilderness blossomed and put forth billboards.

But of course it did something else, which was to repeat what I guess is the central theme of American history: the advance of what we call civilization to a place we call wilderness. It was useful to have a look at the last growth of our frontier—and to see, as in a glass darkly, the shape of our own Malthusian times.

My sojourn in Alaska was much shorter than I wanted, being interrupted by an invitation to join the Korean War. After putting in for torpedo boats, I found myself back at the same desk in Widener for three years of naval research. *Nil admirari*. Simply as a variant I went to Yale after the war.

The Navy, of course, was an education of its own. Having for the first time a regular salary and not many ways to spend it, I headed for the bookstores of Boston and New York, laying the foundation of a library that became the white elephant of my life. It was like caring for a 5,000-pound infant. But it, of course, has cared for me.

Graduate school had many satisfactions but peace of mind was not one of them. One of the most remarkable statistics in American life is the 11 years it customarily takes—or has up till now taken—to get a degree in the humanities. And of course it involves an authentic vow of poverty. I certainly would have been much better off if someone had said to me: "You are now going into years of residence which will be difficult and probably painful. You will have to beg, borrow, and perhaps steal the money you need for wife and children. In order to succeed, you will do little of what you like and much of what you find intolerable. Reading will give way to study, wisdom to knowledge, and tranquility to the restless desire to make yourself as marketable as possible. You will be taught fairly badly, and encouraged yourself to do as little as possible for your own students. Possibly, it will all be worth it."



Jones Rothco

"Does he look 20,000 bucks smarter to you?"

IT WAS, but as a form of resistance to precept and experience. At any rate, I finished up quickly and, handing in my dissertation, went south 20 miles to work in Bridgeport, at the most Dickensian factory to have survived the nineteenth century. Among other things I discovered that I dislike cold, darkness, and generally inhuman conditions of work. I also discovered a loathing for the idiot PhDs on the floors above who set our hourly wages and acted on the whole like another part of the human race. A half year of this made me a wiser and better man—so I ended my academic career with the face of Janus: degrees and fellowships in the seventeenth century and an AFL card for the operation of a stamping press. It was *As You Like It* and *Hard Times* put together.

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All this turned out to be only the prelude to an informal education. As an involuntary participant in civilization for the last decade or so I have seen a good many certainties lead from the drawing board to the chopping block. One theory after another has surfaced from the deep, shown us its glistening back, then disappeared once again into the void. Where now is the education for good citizenship? For the whole or Renaissance man? For excellence? And even for social relevance? All the certainties of valedictorians that I have been forced to listen to have had a shorter life span than the American dollar. And of course the structures supposed to sustain them have shared a ridiculous temporality: the ivory tower, the free university, the street theater, the teach-in—either time or common sense has defaced their original shininess.

In general, even as we heard more and more speeches about the glories of education it was getting less and less effective. The reasons are fairly plain: universities, emulating the success of corporations, embarked on what can only be called a binge of overdevelopment. One of the most ridiculous things today is to hear pieties about a no-growth technology from a campus with 40,000 students, seven layers of deans and their dependents, dozens of skyscraper laboratories, and an administrative budget that would run Costa Rica or Honduras for half a decade.

And, of course, undergraduate education got lost in the commercial process. Teaching was a reasonably good way to support graduate students or faculty to whom research was more important than anything else, although not in itself of actual importance. Education now did not imply any special study to student, subject, or self. It is clear, however, that for more than 2,000 years, whether in pagan or Christian civilization, whether in medieval, Renaissance, or modern times, teaching was generally considered to be one of the great vocations. In fact, the I and Thou relationship it fostered made for one of the authentically great themes of Western culture. It is altogether extraordinary to reflect on the literature of learning—perhaps better described as the story of becoming a person—which in fact constitutes our tradition.

Aristotle, in one of the most symbolic of relationships, was teacher to Alexander. Socrates taught Plato, Xenophon, and the rest of the civilized world. Both Old and New Testament refer continuously to the essential body of moral and practical knowledge that one generation must transmit to another, and raise the figure of the teacher and his disciples to the highest of all human relationships. From John Milton's *On Education* through the Academy of Lagado, from Tom Jones's school days to Tom Brown's, from Oliver Twist's workhouse and Dotheboys Hall to Cardinal Newman's idea of a liberal education; from that of Henry Adams to George Orwell; even Scott Fitzgerald at Princeton—the idea of education has been powerful enough to control a good deal of the energies of fiction. Commencement speeches ought at least to recognize that—and to recall with some modesty that a good deal of the forementioned are admonishments or satires.

Satire may be the right mode to discuss commencement as an institution in your own generation. In my time occasions like these were given over to harmless humbug—in yours to something less admirable. A few years ago this kind of exercise had become a symbolic revolution, contemptible not only because disruptive but worse, because a form of moral entertainment without penalty. One great university after another passively accepted its own disgrace: I speak not only of rocks thrown through windows, or the universal spray can—worse than the Reformation fig leaf—hiding facts behind ideology, or the uproar of heckling, sign waving, shouting, assault, and other spineless accommodations to academic approval. I mean of course the time-serving commencement speeches which from one end of this country to the other incited the academy to break its own traditions and destroy its own values.

Commencement for a decade or so routinely informed us that we were racist, fascist, and genocidal and compiled other exaggerations which tended to grant temporary importance to the cause and the speaker. But clearly the way to attack problems is through rationality, deliberation, and honesty. Guilt and innocence are terms too large to subject to the applause of a single afternoon. They take a lifetime of dedication to unravel, and not an hour of propaganda.

What commencement—and education itself—might well take up for discussion now is the new climate of mediocrity on campus. Credit, for example, is to be given for astrology, a superstition dead already half a millennium, or the contemplation of one's own or assumed identity; for a few hours in a theater or the temporary adhesion to a hobby or religion; for studies of rock music, science fiction, or other distractions. This is not the business of intelligence. It is a bad way to spend desperately needed money in a world of shortage; and it is a consummate waste of time.

I don't argue that these kinds of experience or belief are without value. I've built roads, sailed ships, worked in hospitals and warehouses precisely because education needed a complement and even an antidote. But it is disingenuous to assert that education should grant credit for each and every human experience. If it did, why go to school at all? My guess is that before we send our graduates out headlong to save the world they should pay some attention first to the place that sends them.

Once in the world you will have problems equal to any of the preceding generations of this century. I hope you will view them with the respect they deserve, but never abandon that respect you owe to yourself, your family, and your nation. The great discourse of these times must concern equity for all of us; the stabilizing of foreign relations; the rational use of cities and countryside; the balance between technological benefits and costs; political function and reform. To this should be added a more important intellectual problem, which takes at least a lifetime of application: the continuous training of the mind and conscience so that the difference between truth and falsity can be discerned.

I leave you then to what I trust is a happy and useful lifetime of continuing knowledge; and the ability it confers to equal those great productions of the mind which have forced us year after year to acknowledge their indispensable presence in civilization. That process of recognition is rightfully called education and I think it as high a calling as a man may follow. I sincerely hope that, in school or out, yours will be even better than mine. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

Communism or Communisms?

JAMES BURNHAM

AN OLD FRIEND of mine, Arthur Young, who invented what became the Bell type of helicopter while Sikorsky was inventing the United Aircraft type, once told me that his greatest problem in setting up the first production line was to find engineers and technicians sufficiently ignorant of aircraft. If they knew anything much, they spent most of their time telling Young that what he wanted them to do was contrary to aeronautical science, technically unsound, or in some other way impossible. I have read and heard a good deal about Yugoslavia, and I suppose that on my first visit there, excessive foreknowledge was a handicap to direct perception. When we travel we usually find what we take with us.

I ask myself: assume that I had known nothing whatever about Yugoslavia's regime, would I, on the sole basis of the direct observations and impressions I reported in *NR*'s last issue, have been able to deduce that it was a Communist country? Posters, signs, and occasional banners of the "Kommunist" (if I remember the spelling correctly) Party, along with the absence of any sign of any other party, would have told me, but I will assume them, too, out of existence. I could have known from the local papers, but my Serbo-Croatian is restricted to the "good morning," "good evening," "where is the toilet?," "thank you," "how much?," "please" level. The frequent sight of the Maximum Leader's picture would not have been a giveaway: that is characteristic of authoritarian governments of all sorts; Tito's picture was not, for that matter, much more evident than Jack Kennedy's used to be. I never saw a clenched fist or heard a verse of the "*Internationale*."

I think the tipoff might have come, as the days went by, from the failure to observe rich or even "well to do" Yugoslavs. I think I would have guessed that this probably had something to do with Communism. I am not raising the question whether there actually *are* any rich Yugoslavs in Dalmatia or elsewhere; I assume that some of the political brass, managers, technocrats, and intellectuals, if not up to Texan or West German standards, are well off in terms of their de facto way of life, whatever their nominal incomes. Nevertheless, in two weeks of covering a lot of ground, I did not spot any rich Yugoslavs or any houses or cars or other stigmata that might have marked them.

This was, for me, a new experience. I have been in several dozen countries of diverse civilizations and races, and in every one of them I have observed—I could not have avoided observing—rich people. This is true of the poorest countries as of the richest (in fact, some of the richest people are to be seen in the poorest countries); of the most democratic countries as of the authoritarian; and it is true of countries with governments run by parties that call themselves "socialist." Yugoslavian economic equality is certainly not of a Chinese strictness, but, comparing it with what I had previously known, I thought it something quite special.

No Fun Cities

The observation that Yugoslavs didn't seem to have much plain fun might also have suggested Communism. The Communists and the Communist organizations I have known or known about haven't gone in for fun, and I gather there isn't much fun in Russia or Poland or Albania. But I am told that people do have fun in Budapest, Bucharest, and even Prague, so fun cannot be a principle of differentiation between Communism and non-Communism.

Whether or not I would have recognized the scene as Communist without foreknowledge, knowing it suggested plausible explanations for some of the things we did observe. For example, the relaxed working pace could be explained as due to a lack of adequate incentive, for the average person at any rate, under the rules of a Communist economy. This could also explain the way the staffs of restaurants, stores, etc. signaled close-down hours; there isn't anything much, either at the moment or for the longer term, to be got out of keeping them open. The inaccuracy and vagueness of information as well as the difficulty in locating the person in charge could be interpreted as generalized buckpassing: if I don't say anything definite and don't take any responsibility, I won't get into trouble. Still, there are plenty of non-Communist countries where people don't work very strenuously; and the invisibility of bosses could, by itself, seem to point as much toward anarchy as toward Communism.

I think that what I am getting at is that my own prior indirect knowledge and more recent direct observation confirm the prevailing (though not universal) view that, while the Yugoslav system can be meaningfully classified as "Communism," it is not standard textbook Communism; it is a variety of the species very different from Russian Communism or Chinese Communism.

The Totalitarian Test

I do not see how the Yugoslav regime can be called "totalitarian." As in totalitarian regimes, true enough, the government is an authoritarian dictatorship; there is a one-party political monopoly; there are severe restrictions on such political rights as free speech and on the rights of private property. But all these features, except perhaps the last, are typical of many sorts of dictatorship. The essence of totalitarianism is the qualitative and quantitative breadth of the despotism, its pervasive extension to all or almost all spheres of human action and interest: totalitarianism is the converged ultimate of the welfare state, the police state, and the ideological state. In our era the great exemplars are the Soviet, Nazi, and Chinese regimes, of which the Chinese is probably the closest approximation to the totalitarian ideal.

Like all contemporary states, Yugoslavia has totalitarian features, and more than most, but not enough to define the regime as totalitarian taken in its entirety. Hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs work in Western Europe, going in and out. Millions of West European tourists, led by West Germans, are now

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visiting Yugoslavia every year. (In the little village of Luka, at the head of an entrancing fjordlike bay on the island of Šipan, an ancient Italian-speaking peasant led me into the cellar under the remnant of a Venetian loggia to taste his wine from his huge barrels, which was not very good, and his 20-year-old grappa, which was superb. He told me how German soldiers had arrived during the war, apparently as auxiliaries in use of the bay as a submarine hideout, and how the villagers made themselves into guerrillas, killing Germans at night and suffering reprisals in the day. And he summed up, not bitterly but wryly like a peasant—"We beat them in the war, but now in peace they have come back and taken us over.") Foreign journals and literature are available. The church is tolerated. Seven publicly dissident professors at the university are getting plenty of official criticism at the moment, but they are still talking and still have their jobs. We went where and when we chose. The state runs the key sectors of the economy, but there are many outlets for private enterprise in small business, services, shops, food markets, and crafts; and I am told there is more than talk in the Yugoslav stress on worker-management (those waiters getting into their street clothes at the appointed hour are possibly a small instance). I mentioned last issue the scarcity of police and the relaxed way in which people go about their business or lack of business. On the Dalmatian coast most people tune their TVs and radios to Italian stations. Things of this sort just don't fit into a picture of totalitarianism.

Now as in the past, Yugoslavs get purged from the Party for political derelictions, sometimes lose their jobs, and occasionally go to prison. I have heard from recent emigrants that even ordinary folk still get into trouble with the authorities if they are stubborn about doing things their own way. But the direct weight of the regime—and I think this is true of many non-Communist dictatorships also—is felt primarily by the political class and the intellectuals. Since these are the talkers, the dictatorship can seem more pervasive than it really is. Keep your nose out of politics (and ideology) and it won't get punched may not always be a safe rule, but it serves a prudent man as a fairly trustworthy guide most of the time. The net result is not model democracy, but it is often less horrendous for the population at large than the active opponents of the regime would have us believe.

In modern times, Western political and diplomatic doctrine has centered in the concept of the nation; the possibility of an ideological state is seldom taken seriously. Even fully developed totalitarianism is thought of as in the last analysis no more than an overlay on the basic, historically controlling nation-substance. In keeping with this focus, we distinguish from one another *Russian* Communism, *Chinese*, *Polish*, *Yugoslav*, *Albanian* Communism, and build policy on these distinctions. We pay less attention to the structural and ideological differences among Communisms, most notably the difference between totalitarian and nontotalitarian Communism, and seldom relate policy to this difference.

Totalitarian Detente

I have had and I retain not only a wholly negative view of totalitarian regimes but a cautious skepticism about the fruits of what is now called detente with such regimes, and about the net results to be expected from expanded trade and cultural relations. By the very nature of totalitarianism—a fact not hidden by totalitarian leaders—coexistence, detente, trade, and cultural exchange must operate to strengthen the totalitarian regime, and would not otherwise be undertaken. By virtue of being totalitarian, a regime is marked off as in opposition and hostility to the nontotalitarian world. By the nature of totalitarianism, therefore, detente, coexistence, or whatever may be the wooing phrase of the moment can only be, from the perspective of the totalitarian leaders, as they have plainly affirmed, an alternate method of struggle, not a bid for friendship or cooperation. Moreover, detente, trade, cultural exchange, and tourism, under the totalitarian rules, do not serve to "open up" the totalitarian society; seem to serve more usually, as the Soviet dissidents have been trying to tell us, to deepen the repression.

Since the restrictions on policy toward the Soviet Union and China that this view of totalitarianism would impose have been breached at a dozen points in the Nixon-Kissinger pursuit of detente, it is rather nostalgic and abstract to bring the question up at what John Dean has taught us to call this point in time. Nevertheless, I want to stress, for the record if for not any practical purpose, my belief that the distinction between totalitarian and nontotalitarian Communism is, or has become, meaningful, and relevant to the determination of policy. The factors that condemn the policy of detente to failure or, at best, sterility when attempted in relation to a totalitarian regime are sufficiently softened in the case of nontotalitarian regimes, even though Communist, to give a reasonable chance for mutual benefit from the expanded trade, cultural exchange, and tourism that political detente can encourage.

It is not merely the conflict between Yugoslav nationalism and Russian nationalism but the trend of the Yugoslav regime away from integral totalitarianism that justifies the economic and cultural relations we have established with Yugoslavia during the years since Tito broke with Moscow. Given a still further expansion, Yugoslavian nonalignment might conceivably swing at least somewhat toward the Western side of the balance. (It is not a triviality that the international exchange value of the dinar is tied to the dollar, not the ruble.) With somewhat less assurance, similar reasoning would seem to apply to relations with Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary, in whose regimes the totalitarian element, though more prominent than in Yugoslavia, is externally imposed and at least in some measure artificial.

True, there is a special risk in such a policy of active, enlarging relations with Communist countries, even if they are nontotalitarian. In Yugoslavia's governing and intellectual classes, as in the others', there are some—no one knows how many—Communist ideologues and some Soviet agents, for both of whom the interests of the world revolution and its Soviet fortress take priority in a crunch over national considerations. This means that there is always a chance that Yugoslavia may be pulled or pushed or driven all the way back into the orbit of Soviet totalitarianism; and Tito's death, which cannot be very far in the future, will be a critical moment for testing the odds. It would seem to me that the current Nixon-Kissinger policy of fawning on the Kremlin can only make that return seem, from a Yugoslav point of view, more sensible. □

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DETENTE?

Psychiatry, KGB Style

LINDA BRIDGES

DETENTE has caused something of a Credulity Gap: the Soviets have not given up an ounce of their customary cynicism in dealing with the West, while American officials seem to have lost not only their skepticism but their basic sense of irony as well. Thus President Nixon, praising the Kremlin for allowing the Panovs to leave, ignored its rounding up all Jewish activists in preparation for his visit. And thus HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger went to Moscow last fall to arrange for the U.S. and USSR to "foster joint activities in the field of mental illness." If he has had second thoughts since, he has not made them public; not even after Minister of Public Health Boris Petrovsky, at the press conference following their meetings, denounced the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as an "enemy of detente." What should have given Mr. Weinberger pause was the reason for Petrovsky's wrath: the SISC had published, a year before, a volume called *Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Repression in the Soviet Union*, the most comprehensive collection of original documents on this subject ever published in the West. This volume, said Dr. Petrovsky, "cannot be viewed as conducive to enhancing cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union." Indeed it cannot, since it tells in chilling detail just what sort of "activities in the field of mental illness" the Soviet Union fosters, and it makes the Soviet Union a little less (in Andrei Sakharov's phrase) "a country where anything that happens may be shielded from outside eyes—a masked country that hides its real face."

Although any disagreement with the Soviet government (political dissidence, as in the cases of Vladimir Bukovsky, Leonid Plyushch, Nataliya Gorbanevskaya, and most of the others quoted in *Abuse of Psychiatry*; religious belief, as with Gennady Shimanov; or nationalism, as with Pyotr Grigorenko, who was arrested for his support of Crimean Tartars) *may* be diagnosed as schizophrenia, it is not unheard of that codefendants on trial for the very same act will be split up, some tried and sentenced to prison, others remanded to psychiatric care. But once the KGB has decided that a particular person must be sent to an asylum—either because there is insufficient evidence to make a convincing case against him even by Soviet standards, or because a trial might cause too much international publicity, or because the KGB wants to put him away indefinitely rather than for a specific term—an asylum is where he is sent. Once in a great while the local psychiatric board does not understand the KGB's hints, or is simply stubbornly ethical; but then the KGB has only to take the victim to the Serbsky Forensic Psychiatry Institute in Moscow, where rulings of schizophrenia against dissidents are automatic. The official guidelines for diagnosing schizophrenia are loose enough to include almost any kind of "incorrect behavior."

The KGB uses three types of asylums: regular hospitals, special hospitals, and psychiatric colonies. Regular hospitals are ordinary mental hospitals that also treat some KGB patients. At last count there were 14 of these (the Serbsky is listed among them, although it is in a class by itself). They do not have special wards for dissidents, who are separated from each other and locked up with genuine patients ranging from the severely retarded all the way up to rapists and murderers. Political prisoners are generally kept in such hospitals for no more than three months. If the KGB wants to hold a prisoner longer than three months, it will usually put him in a special hospital, where there is stricter secrecy than at regular hospitals.

The special hospitals (of which there are now ten) are, in Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin's phrase, simply "prisons under military supervision and guards." In fact they were officially called prison hospitals until the mid-1950s; then the name was changed, since according to Soviet law, the inmates were not prisoners but "patients." (As a nice touch of verisimilitude, when the prison hospital in Leningrad became a special hospital, the barbed wire that had previously risen above the wall was lowered on the inside so that it could not be seen from Arsenalnaya Street.)

SPECIAL hospitals are much harder to get out of than regular hospitals. Soviet law requires that a court of justice reexamine the case of a person held for compulsory treatment every six months, and, in theory, the court could free the patient if it found either that he was wrongfully incarcerated or that he had recovered his sanity. But, as Yesenin-Volpin says, "In practice, a favorable determination by the commission usually depends on the readiness of the patient to give the desired answers to certain questions; namely, recognition of the correctness of the patient's confinement, admission that his views were wrong, and the promise to conform with the established ideology in the future."

If the patient remains obdurate and no pressure is brought to bear in his favor, he may eventually be classified as "incurable and socially dangerous" and sent to a psychiatric colony. Little is known about the colonies, since no letters have been smuggled out and no one has ever emerged to tell about

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them. Soviet law prescribes no limit to the duration of compulsory "treatment."

The asylums use a curious mixture of punishments, some of them overt tortures (such as the *teplovlazhnoe ukutyvanie*, or warm-damp wrapping, in which the patient is tightly wrapped in wet, plaited bedsheets that contract as they dry, squeezing him like a vise), others more subtle, masquerading as medical care. The most degrading and perverse of the latter is the use of drugs, chiefly aminazin—whose "side effects" (the main effects as far as the authorities are concerned) include trembling and twitching of the hands, dribbling from the mouth, impaired vision, fluctuations of arterial pressure, muscle cramps, headaches, and depression—and sulfazin, which causes temperatures of 104° F. and pain on any movement for several days. One prisoner, Vladimir Gershuni, tells of the doctors' method for deciding which drugs to prescribe:

> During rounds, just by way of an experiment, I complained about feeling poorly after taking halperidol [a relative of aminazin], and asked that the dose be reduced. This led to my being prescribed even more aminazin than I was already receiving. . . . During a hunger strike in January (I had been given aminazin since my arrival), I felt steadily worse and worse, and after making a complaint, I began to get aminazin injections in the maximum dose, or very close to it (approximately 6 cc.). I couldn't sleep at all, yet the same dose was administered to me for 12 days in a row, until they became convinced that I was still not sleeping, and that the injections had not made me give up my hunger strike. . . . [Halperidol] makes me feel more awful than anything I have experienced before; you no sooner lie down than you want to get up, you no sooner take a step than you're longing to sit down, and if you sit down, you want to walk again—and there's nowhere to walk.

To illustrate the long term effects of these drugs, Gershuni tells the story of Victor Prikhodko,

> a gifted lad, . . . tremendously alive and alert (in July he was in the next cell to me). He used to entertain Ira Lavrenteva and Natasha Gorbanevskaya by singing at their window—and he sang superbly. . . . In September, he was hauled off to the Butyrka hospital, where he had massive doses of aminazin and God knows what else pumped into him. And so it happened that one day he woke up—but not completely; and thereafter he remained in this half awake state, his head on one side, his speech languid and indistinct, his eyes glazed. He sank into apathy, and all his reactions slowed down. Only now, since he's been taken off medicines, has he begun to come to himself. He was thus canceled out for five whole months. Hail to Soviet "special psychiatry"!

As Vladimir Bukovsky explained to a Moscow prosecutor who reprimanded him for saying such drugs turned people into vegetables, "I don't know if it's best to call the victims' condition that of vegetables or, for example, animals. But I do know that these drugs produce stupefaction, convulsions, and other awful things, and that they are used as punishments in that hospital."

There are other punishments too, trivial in themselves but, under the circumstances, demoralizing: they make it clear that the supposed healers see their black-comedy world as the norm. For example, when Pyotr Grigorenko requested a fountain pen, he was told: "What do you want a pen for? You will have thoughts which you will then write down, and for you that is contraindicated." And here is the dialogue that ensued when Mikhail Naritsa complained of the amount of noise at night in his ward:

> "We cannot shut up the sick people's mouths."
>
> "But you could tell the wardens not to slam the doors with force if you pretend to be a healing institution, a humane one, as you said."
>
> "It is probably impossible to shut a heavy ironclad door without any noise," said the lady doctor.
>
> "But couldn't you find this out for yourself," I asked, "by using your own hands for this scientific experiment? Let me demonstrate. It can be shut like this, but they do it this way!"
>
> "I have never heard anybody here banging the door like that. You have hallucinations."

Furthermore, inmates in special hospitals have far fewer rights than convicted criminals in overt prisons. Viktor Feinberg lists some of the added restrictions:

> . . . with rare exceptions smoking is forbidden (in prison it is permitted); the exercise period lasts for one hour a day for nine months and one hour 45 minutes a day during the summer (prisoners who are ill have two hours for exercise throughout the year); one meeting lasting an hour per month, but only with close relatives (prisoners can have four hours with anyone); private meetings are forbidden (prisoners have a right to these); . . . letters twice a month (no more than two letters at a time), with correspondence limited to close relatives (prisoners' correspondence is unrestricted and they may write to anyone not under guard); appeals to higher organs, the inspection section of the procuracy, etc. are forbidden, as are any petitions, including appeals to legal organs and meetings with lawyers (according to the law, letters addressed to the procuracy may not be withheld, stopped, or opened [in transit]).

Fortunately, several of the KGB's most prominent patients—Vladimir Bukovsky, Zhores Medvedev, Valerii Tarsis—had contacts with Westerners before and after their incarceration. Thus there is outside corroboration of the dissidents' claim that no one could, in good faith, believe these men insane. The only voice some of the less

(Continues on page 831)

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Honesty and Free Markets

RAY DIRKS is the pudgy young man whose financial research led to the discovery that the great Equity Funding insurance empire was a thoroughly fraudulent operation. Shortly after Dirks made his findings public, the great company went crashing to the ground; its officers were snared in legal problems; and investors and policyholders lost everything.

There wasn't a Ray Dirks to blow the whistle on the Penn Central system a few years ago, but the results were the same. One day the Penn Central was considered to be the strongest corporation around, with billions of dollars' worth of real estate holdings backing up its borrowings through the banking system and the money market. Next day the company couldn't meet its payroll, couldn't pay interest on its debt, couldn't run the railroad. It, too, went bankrupt, and noteholders and stockholders lost fortunes.

Then there was the Franklin National Bank, whose securities have been barred from trading on major exchanges recently. The bank lost a few million in foreign exchange trading and depositors withdrew a billion or so. The board passed a dividend. Federal authorities loaned about a billion dollars to Franklin to keep it in business. Fellow banks—competitors?—loaned another $250 million to their distressed friend. The bank will probably stay in business, but no thanks to its management.

These three cases of failure or distress have a couple of things in common. In all three cases the difficulties came as a great surprise to the financial community, and that includes the professional analysts and tycoon bankers. (Ray Dirks got his leads from disaffected employees, not from external analysis alone.) And all three, of course, occurred in industries that have been intimately regulated by federal agencies for years and years—the SEC and insurance agencies for Equity Funding; the ICC for Penn Central; the Federal Reserve for Franklin National. Relevant committees of Congress oversee the work of these agencies, and the statistical reports required to be filed with the governmental bureaus are enough to break your back.

These two factors that are common to the three catastrophes lead to some revolutionary conclusions. Bear in mind that the government was invoked, in the first place, to protect the innocent consumer or the uninformed investor from financial damage suffered at the hands of unscrupulous businessmen. It was assumed that the government would introduce a standard of honesty in business to which all housewives might repair.

G.I. Booby Traps

Quite clearly the work of governmental supervision has left a great deal to be desired. Far from protecting the citizen against such damage, the existence of official agencies for the purpose of protection seems to have lured the innocent to their downfall in the belief that all was well.

Well, it might be argued that the agencies have merely done nothing at all, and the average guy hasn't done any worse or any better than he might have done if the marketplace had been left untampered with. George Stigler proved this some years ago with his study of the SEC's registration requirements for new stock issues. If it could be shown that the government had merely been a neutral factor, one might go ahead and pay taxes rather than rock the boat.

But the official supervisory agencies are not merely neutral. The evidence begins to accumulate that they actually do damage by denying to the public a vast amount of important information. Hence the "surprise" that always attends the collapse of a thoroughly supervised corporation, whereas in the free market a corporation that gets into trouble just steadily goes down, and so does its stock price, until they hit bottom together: consider the record of the now dead and buried Computer Applications, or any number of other sick sisters. But the death of a supervised corporation is always "surprising."

It is surprising because every official agency is primarily a political agency and only secondarily an agency conducted for the benefit of the citizen. We see this in such relatively neutral functions as the statistical chore of preparing an index to measure the buying power of the dollar. Believe it or not, the decision on how to establish the statistical procedures for the "cost of living index" is a political decision that raises the tempers of all manner of political creatures. The Bureau of Labor Statistics is now revising the "cost of living index," but its supposedly remote and academic chore has exploded a battle among labor officials and congressmen. Leonard Woodcock, boss of the United Automobile Workers, says the new index "will hurt the workingman" and is likely to be interpreted as an effort by the Nixon Administration to "conceal or minimize price change in a period of rampant inflation." Opponents of the new index say it gives weight to items that are more likely to appear on the shopping lists of the upper classes, and therefore understates the rate of price change in the items more frequently bought by Mr. Woodcock's shoeless friends. With hundreds of contracts and statutes tied to the readings of the index, it's no wonder that the political forces of the country should get into a fight over the way the figures are figgered. *Politics will decide the statistics.*

Now a moment's thought will tell you that each agency finds it in its own interest to publish statistics that show that the industry it is regulating is healthy. Hence the "surprise" when a regulated corporation goes broke all of a sudden. Regulation *decreases* the quality of information available about the industry regulated. Whatever you may think about free markets, you must give up the hope that "fairness" or "honesty" may be enhanced by an appeal to the political process. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

Along Embassy Lane

NENA OSSA

PLEASE UNDERSTAND—it is not pleasant to be cooped up for weeks inside an embassy," said Commander Rojas, the man at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs who is in charge of all press information on exiles. . . . "This is Dante's Inferno," a friend told me over the phone from the French Embassy, where she had exiled herself with her four children. (Exiles are, by the way, strictly forbidden to make telephone calls.) . . . "It's really nice here," said a 19-year-old Mirista over the phone to his girl friend, who had seen him across the Mexican Embassy's railings and thought he had gained too much weight.

But whether hellish, sad, or entertaining, life certainly became lively for the diplomatic corps and their unexpected guests on September 11, the day of the coup. Argentina's Embassy, with its 1,500 or so square yards, is large, but not mammoth enough to house the nearly 700 exiles it had at one point. Diplomatic parties had to be held elsewhere; curtains and upholstery will have to be replaced; the lovely garden was totally destroyed. The downtown chancellery of one Western European embassy, although it has little extra space during office hours and has only one shower (cold water), at one point sheltered 58 exiles—to the disgust of most of the employees, who do not share the socialist leanings of their ambassador. Panama and West Germany, among others, rented separate houses to contain the avalanche, and all the embassies have had to hire an array of exasperated cooks and maids.

The embassies have also had to cope with more personal problems: babies have been born, the generation gap creates tensions, and love affairs flourish unrestrictedly. A few histrionics in the nude have been observed from adjacent apartment buildings, and the exuberance of one female socialist ex-deputy apparently forced the embassy where she is staying to smuggle in her husband.

A major cause of tension is the endless feuds between the Socialists, the few Ministas, and the Communists. At their best, the exiles read, knit, play cards, or practice a sport, although that is not entirely safe either: the Finnish Ambassador broke his leg playing soccer with his protégés. The exiles spend a good deal of time discussing Allende's shortcomings: sectarianism, lack of economic sense, utter neglect of the middle classes, inability to control the opposition. Most listen to Radio Moscow. "It is important that you all tune in at 6:00 P.M., 9:00 P.M., and 11:00 P.M.," broadcasts Volodia Teitelboim, the ex-senator and Communist Party leader who was visiting the Soviet Union on September 11.

One exile has even been shot. Rolando Calderón, ex-Minister of Agriculture, who was staying at the Cuban Embassy, was seriously wounded in the head. From outside, claim the exiles. From inside, say Chilean ballistics experts. Bullets and rumors have been flying fast: Marxist commandos were said to harass military patrols during the curfew hours; cars were said to drive through well-to-do suburbs machine-gunning indiscriminately. But the bullets that broke the dining room windows and lamps of a sixth floor apartment in the neighborhood of the Mexican Embassy were not rumor. Exiles trying to get in, or guards trying to stop them? No one knows.

Golfers at Santiago's chic Los Leones Club have often glimpsed Pedro Vuskovic (Allende's economic mastermind) and Jaime Faivovich (Allende's Under Secretary of Transport) playing chess in the garden of the Mexican Embassy. Vuskovic has since been allowed to go to Mexico; Faivovich is believed still to be at the Embassy. His safe conduct has been held up, along with another 200 or so (over 6,000 have been granted). "Eventually safe conducts will be handed to all," says Commander Rojas, "but not before the courts establish whether transgressions committed by a given exile were political or criminal. If criminal, we will ask the host government for extraditions." A waste of legal energy, it would seem, since it is doubtful that any government, however friendly, that has accepted exiles in the first place will return those found guilty.

Most Latin American countries are not joyful at the prospect of receiving Chile's left wing extremists—still less do they want the many Bolivians, Uruguayans, and Brazilians who would have to face serious charges if sent back to their own countries. Unwelcome though they may be, most exiles would prefer to go to other Latin American countries; the next most popular choices are West Germany and France. Hardly any want to go to the East European satellites. Sweden has accepted nearly 600, East Germany only ten. The United States has been considering accepting a handful of non-Chileans. West Germany may accept a thousand or more exiles. "Our government does not think they are dangerous," said an Embassy spokesman. "It is impossible in Germany to go underground. Besides, they will earn money and become bourgeois."

APART FROM practical considerations, the Chilean situation raises the theoretical question, what is an embassy for? The British (who have not received a single exile) think embassies should act as a bridge between two governments; exiles would be a barrier to such relations. But how can those countries that have accepted Chilean exiles refuse to shelter Russian Jews who want to leave? Would Sweden take right wing refugees on humanitarian grounds if Bolivia's General Banzer fell from power?

For the junta, the exiles pose a dilemma. If they give the exiles who are still in Santiago embassies safe conducts, they would remove that source of irritation with the embassy staffs, and would also get a potentially troublesome group out of Chile. But once outside Chile, the exiles have not hesitated to propagandize against the junta. From the junta's point of view there is no perfect solution; but until the exile problem has been settled somehow, Chile will be hard put to solve her other problems. □

Mrs. Ossa is NR*'s Latin American correspondent.*

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Arts & Manners

THEATER

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The Best Things In Life Were Free

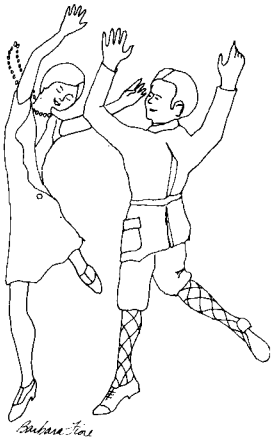
The orchestra, led by a frizzy-haired peroxide blonde, meanders through the lapsed tunes thrown together in the mixmaster overture. To anyone my age, at least, there is still a certain wistful persuasion in their obviousness, like tinkling notes half heard across a lake on a summer afternoon. "Lucky in love, lucky in love, whu-ut else madders if you're lucky in love?" "The sunbeams that shi-ine, they're yours they're mine." Then, with a warning wail like a fire alarm from the saxophones, the orchestra thumps into "The Varsity Drag":

Here is the drag,
Here's how it goes,
Up on the heels,
Down on the toes. . . .

Or was it *down* on the heels, *up* on the toes? A plump sagging woman in the box opposite me has been beaming and swaying to each tune, but with the "Drag" she begins to quiver all over, swollen legs tap out the rhythm that in a slimmer day before varicosity set in they may have swayed and glided to at the Harvard Freshman Jubilee of 1928. I suspect tears are running down her cheeks.

Nostalgia for the Twenties has become a hot commodity. Here in Boston's Colonial Theatre, the first stop in a six-month pre-Broadway tryout of the resuscitated 1927 college musical, *Good News*, the audience is made up almost wholly of those in their fifties and sixties. Every seat is taken, even those behind the pillars. Harry Rigby, reviver of *No, No, Nanette* and *Irene*, knows what he is doing, all right. Nostalgia doesn't yet appeal to those in their thirties and forties, while the senior citizens are "too old to dream" or at least too immobile. But those two decades in between, when the shadows begin to gather, those are the years when one's pacemaker leaps at the notion of recapturing the past, even the past that never existed in the first place.

The formula has become simplistic. Take a Twenties hit, ginger up the old tunes, patch as many new gags as possible onto the motheaten text, purge the vapid dialogue, bring in an ensemble of elastic young dancers, and top the whole thing off with a star of the period hauled from postmenopausal retirement. Rigby has the dancers, he has Alice Faye to replace the original professor of astronomy, and for good masculine measure he has a resurrected John



Payne and Stubby Kaye. In addition to the four-and-a-half *Good News* hits (the song of that same name, "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "Lucky in Love," "The Varsity Drag," and (½) "Just Imagine"), he has shoehorned in four other DeSylva, Brown & Henderson tunes: "Button Up Your Overcoat" and "I Want to Be Bad" that Helen Kane, the Boop-a-doop girl, used to bat out with such coyly nasal abandon; "You're the Cream in My Coffee," same vintage; and "Keep Your Sunnyside Up," from the 1929 film. He also has in Barbara Lail an extraordinarily bouncy ingenue.

Yet something is wrong, something summed up in this revival's subtitle, "The 30s Musical Comedy." For *Good News* was of, by, and for the Twenties, that mindless sun-drenched campus interlude between a war and a depression, iridescent and unsubstantial as a Maxfield Parrish bubble, the world of John Held Jr., of those long-vanished college campus magazines without one of which no campus was complete (*The Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern*, *Notre Dame Juggler*, *Bowdoin Bearskin*, and a thousand others), of the Jordan Playboy and the girl from Laramie, the Chrysler 70 roadster whose lines were compared by an inspired copywriter to those of the Parthenon. And it was wrapped up in the *College Humor* definition: "College bred—a four-year loaf."

Perhaps he feels he has overdone the Twenties, for Rigby had set his sunny campus scene in the shadow of the next decade. The dimwitted story of the football hero kept from the big game because he couldn't pass astronomy but finally crammed through by a Betty Coed under the benevolent eye of a tweedy pipe-smoking professor, is nevertheless part of its time. *Good News* should have been treated as a period piece rather than a parody. The costumes of the new production, even when they are not caricatures, are indefensibly of the Thirties. A few drawings of Held's would have set the costumer straight. Skirts were *not* pleated and worn half way to the calf; they were skimpy and ended two inches above the knee. Coeds wore their hair shingled, not shoulder length. Evening dresses did not touch the floor until the mid-Thirties. On the campus sheiks and shebas wore saddle-strap shoes, and the sheiks (see Held again) plastered their hair with Slikum or Stacombe and parted it in the middle. No caricature could hope to equal the Twenties actuality of painted slickers or the plus-six knickers with the tasseled argyle socks. As for the music, I suppose the "Varsity Drag" was the swan song of the era—some swan, some song! But this present version has adapted it to swing. I found the "Drag" the biggest disappointment of the revised show. It should have blared out in a pride of saxophones, loud, straight, unimpeded, one thump

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Francis Russell's *newest book*, The Boston Police Strike, *will be published soon by Viking.*

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after the other like falling bricks. Instead the elemental rhythm is fudged.

What I had hoped for from the *Good News* revival was a reconstitution of the campus atmosphere of the Twenties, an ant and grasshopper fable illustrated by Held. Instead there is a familiar ragbag of tunes, some clever dancing, an amusing football interlude, and Alice Faye whom I last saw in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. What there is may well prove enough for the 50 to 70 age group, but it doesn't establish the mood for a younger generation that might like to know what the old man and the old woman were like when they were young and frisky: empty-headed, irresponsible, irrelevant, yet somehow charming and as oblivious as the grasshopper dancing toward the coming winter. Then it all ended on October 29, 1929. □

BALLOONING

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

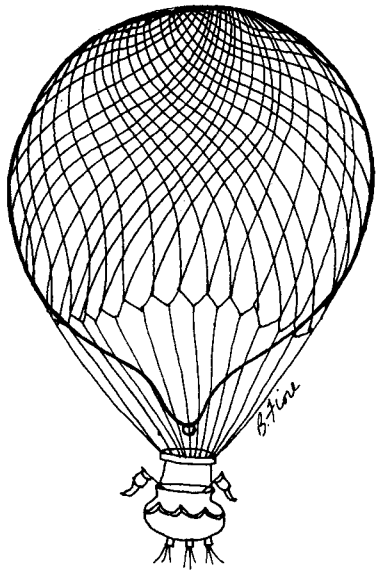
Lift-Off

Lift-off. Last time it had been at Canaveral. Apollo XVII—and last—shuddering breakers of sound, night turned into day, sheets of orange flame engulfing the gantry, the rocket, the spacecraft, an instant in time caught forever in the shutter of the mind. Today it's six people, their feet wet from the morning dew, in a tiny private airfield in central New Jersey, while the world sleeps. Somewhere nearby a cock crows. Around us everywhere the twitter of the birds, a few commands. "Hang on. Give us some body weight." And *whish-whish* as the propane flame sears the flapping edges of the blue and white funnel above our heads. "All right. Hurry. Hurry now. Get in, Priscilla." An ungainly scramble. "Now you, Jane." My sister is only *slightly* more gainly. "Good." *Whish-whish-whooosh*. "OK. You can let us go." The three on the ground step away from the basket and it's lift-off. Silent. Almost motionless. Noticed not by any sensation of life or speed, only because the people have receded, sunk away, and the low hangar—out of which a half-hour earlier had come the two bundles that are now our balloon and the wicker basket in which we are riding—is now below us.

"Uh-uh, ladies, I have bad news," says Rick Behr, our balloon pilot, his bronze face serious under his red crash helmet. Not, may I interject, a particularly comforting opening remark to a neophyte balloonist now hanging a casual 150 feet up in the sky. But the bad news Rick has to convey is not that the balloon is about to vaporize, nor yet that Jane has dropped a cigarette on the four containers of propane that take up inordinate room in our five-foot-square basket—a brochure had warned against smoking ("the ash you drop may be yourself")—no, it is that the wind has shifted 180 degrees and instead of flying over picturesque and spring-beautiful Princeton we are headed toward unpicturesque and multihighwayed Somerville, N.J.

It matters not. In the distance we see the heavy trucks pound on. But below it is rolling farm country. A deer skitters for shelter in a covert. The spring dogwood stands out from the medley of soft May greens, powderpuff white. The people sleep on as we skim eastward, eyeball to eyeball with the rising sun. In every house we pass the dogs set up a clamor. A dairy herd stampedes out of our path, but a little further on a bunch of Herefords, more intrepid far, gallop toward us, their leader running, looking up, stopping, and heading again toward us, but we are past him and waving to a small boy in a farmyard. A rabbit in a nearby wood scampers for safety, freezes in the dark of our shadow, then skitters away. We watch, amused, interested, but somehow with a sense of dissociation from the mundane world below. The motion is slow—we have an eight-knot wind—and because of a ground mist and poor visibility we skim only a couple of hundred feet above the ground, never much higher. We move lazily over the brown Raritan River and for an instant our reflection, the inverted teardrop of the balloon and the tiny, swaying pimple of a gondola under it, etched in its brave blue and white, is mirrored in the brown waters, and as swiftly blotted out as we drift on.

Jane and I now wear crash helmets too, not to protect our heads from the cruel rocks below were there any cruel rocks below, but to protect our hair from the flames above as Rick periodically blows hot streams of fire from the propane tanks into the balloon, keeping the trapped air within it warm and us thankfully airborne.



We had seen this effect at dawn when two of the men had grabbed the sailbag in which the balloon was packed and had run down the field with it until the unfolding balloon lay stretched out along a hundred feet or so of ground. A huge yellow fan pumped air into it. It billowed here, and there, filled slowly with air but remained heavy, earthbound. Now Rick, donning heavy gloves and helmet, is directing the nozzle at the balloon, and it opens up. The flame roars. The air within the balloon heats, and as it heats expands, and slowly, reluctantly, the inert balloon heaves itself off the ground. Jim, a mechanical engineer who does this kind of thing for fun before reporting to work, now hangs desperately on to a rope attached to the top of the balloon to anchor it to earth as long as possible. The rest of us, too, hang on to the heavy tapes that circle it until it tears free from our clamped fingers and one by one, by heights, we drop off. That's when Rick calls, and Jane and I scramble in.

And now, two otherworldly hours later, it is time to come down. Rick has picked his landing field, a large pasture behind a horse barn and a neat red-with-white-trim farmhouse. We drift lower imperceptibly. Every now and then Rick gives it a spurt of flame to slow the descent. We bend our knees, as he instructs, and hang on to the shrouds as the basket nudges the ground, gently, bounces up, goes another ten feet, skids along etching a dark green scratch into the smooth light green of the dew-heavy grass, leaves the ground briefly, and comes hesitantly to a stop. A mare and foal who had watched our descent now take off in unison, as if choreographed,

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and gallop away, light manes and tails flying, then stop, gaze back at us, and and start to crop.

Rick turns to me. "Priscilla. Go over there and ask them for permission to land and for permission to bring in our truck and trailer." A sticky wicket. How can you realistically ask Farmer Jones for permission to land when a seven-story balloon is at the moment parked in his East Forty? Also it's 7:42 A.M. No one, it develops, is home, but a minute or two later a young man drives up, asks casually, not anxiously, if everything is all right—and that, gents, is aplomb for you—and having been assured it is, gives us retroactive permission to land, and goes about his business. As I walk back over the pasture our faithful followers three drive up—they've been chasing around New Jersey for two hours following the big blue-and-white Chalet Club balloon. And now they start to bring it down. The ever helpful Jim grabs hold of the rope, pulls down the top of the balloon which sinks earthward reluctantly as the buoyant air is dumped out of it. He skips not so daintily around cattle droppings and then—THEN—as Jane and I watch thunderstruck (not to say lightningstruck), he and Rick tear off the top of the balloon. The balloon we had entrusted our sacred lives and dubious honor to, it now develops, has an easily rip-offable top. It has been held together all along by nothing more sturdy than Velcro.

Instant heart attack as instantly treated by an infusion of ice-cold champagne which, as the Chalet Club had truthfully informed us, does indeed cap off all their successful balloon flights, be it never so early. What caps off unsuccessful balloon flights we are not told. Nor do we ask. □

GARDENING

RUTH BERENSON

Nature versus Nurture

Browning did not have weekend gardeners in mind when he said so sententiously, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"—but every summer I recall his Victorian wisdom and decide, reluctantly, that he was speaking directly to me. Not that I'm an ambitious gardener; far from it. After a woodchuck-aborted attempt at tomatoes, I've abandoned the vegetable bit; all I want is a few flowers, nothing fancy. Even so, the results to date of the battle between me and nature (animate and inanimate) are a standoff: win a few, lose a few.

TAKE daffodils. Last fall, filled with visions of them fluttering and dancing in the breeze, I planted not a host, mind you, but approximately three dozen, arranging them with studied artistry near the border of trees ringing the (crabgrass-and-dandelion-ridden) lawn. I also put in tulips along the side of the house, the idea being that as we arrive for that first spring weekend, our tired, city-besooted eyes will be met by serried, multicolored ranks of bloom worthy of a gardening book illustration. Result: some eight spindly tulips, their colors clashing in Pop-art disharmony, occupy precisely one-half of the bed: in the other half a single white one plus some dwarfed, misshapen leaves. Six daffodils toss their heads in approved Wordsworthian fashion; elsewhere nice shiny leaves, flowerless but otherwise brimming with vigor, contrast with last year's brown unfertilized grass. Curiously, over by the bird house, there bloom exuberantly five enormous blue hyacinths, puzzling since I don't much like hyacinths and am sure, my husband's recollections to the contrary notwithstanding, that I never planted them. Obviously, they arose parthenogenetically or sprang, full grown, from the head of Zeus.

As a born and bred urbanite, my gardening combines a maximum of wishful thinking with a minimum of practical knowhow, despite intensive perusal of how-to books. All the latter are firm in their endorsement of manure as a problem solver; just work this lovely, authentically organic stuff into the soil and lo! flowers. The books don't say much about manure's capabilities in counteracting the presence, in our soil at least, of pine needles, roots, sprouting acorns, bits of plastic —the former owners had a thing about blue plastic—and stones. Robert Frost said (gardening is most conducive to quoting poetry): "Something there is that doesn't love a [stone] wall"; he would have put it more strongly had he tried, as I have, to plant a garden on a former pebbled driveway while economizing on topsoil and being lavish with manure. The latter may be good for plants but it does not, alas, dissolve stones. These must be dug out by hand and hurled, with the strength born of bitterness, into the woods.

But here again I run into trouble. Stones may not a garden make, but they will, if embedded in only a modicum of just plain dirt, attract wild violets by the thousands. Each spring huge ones, thanks to the manure, color our flower beds with deep purple, lavender, and white, more than atoning for any bulbular mishap. Marvelous, until the time comes to dig up the beds to plant things for later blooming. If I dig, I dig stones and, willy-nilly, violets—and in our family, hell hath no fury like a violet scorned.

MY HUSBAND, a rational creature with a profound philosophical bent, able to see both sides of a question, is a wildflower nut. His greatest regret is not having become a botanist, and *faute de mieux* he spends the summer prowling field and forest searching for specimens to be painstakingly classified with the aid of Peterson's Guide and the two-volume, ten-pound Smithsonian handbook, plus a variety of ecological studies in three languages. A harmless pursuit, no more eccentric than most—except that his all-embracing affection, which includes thistles, skunk cabbage, and especially dandelions (he is even now writing a counterblast to this one, to be titled "In Praise of Dandelions"), leads him to accuse me of manslaughter each time I step on a violet. If I mow our lawn, which in spring is carpeted with them, plus tiny blue-tinged Quaker ladies and dots of yellow dwarf cinquefoil nestling cozily in the crabgrass, I am charged with genocide. The disposal of any weed, no matter how noxious, is termed cold-blooded murder by its public defender.

This annual summer battle of the sexes *chez nous* has resolved itself into one continuing dichotomy: nature (my husband) versus nurture (me). In his eyes, nature is unimprovable. When I explain that picking pansies keeps them blooming, he laughs bitterly; when I read him expert opinions on the necessity of pinching off chrysanthemums "to promote luxurious bloom," he compares me to the Symbionese.

Between the lawn and the forest that completely surrounds us is a kind of

(Continues on page 829)

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BOOKS

The Burglars and Their Pursuers

ROBERT D. NOVAK

All the President's Men
By Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward
Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $8.95

An American Life: One Man's Road to Watergate
By Jeb Stuart Magruder
Atheneum, 338 pp., $10

When five burglars were captured inside the offices of the Democratic National Committee at the Watergate early in the morning of June 17, 1972, the authors of these books were anonymous young men struggling to emerge from the Washington mob of similarly ambitious contemporaries to a place of fame. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward were metropolitan staff reporters hidden in the football-field-length newsroom of the *Washington Post*. Jeb Stuart Magruder was but another of President Nixon's junior political aides. That all three are famous today, Bernstein and Woodward as the nation's two most lionized journalists and Magruder as perhaps the best known inmate of any federal prison, indicates the accidental nature of the Watergate scandal.

Their books are perhaps most valuable in showing that both the inception and the newspaper investigation of Watergate, which has changed the history of the nation, flowed dreamlike, with one event leading insensibly to another. Magruder's role in authorizing the Watergate break-in and then planning its coverup was part of no sinister master plan. Rather, it was a natural result of Magruder's and other public officials' succumbing to their disordered moral priorities and intense political paranoia. Bernstein and Woodward's major contribution in uncovering the scandal resulted from no extensive master plan by a great publishing empire intent on destroying its enemy in the White House. Rather, it was mainly the product of two fiercely ambitious and tireless young reporters.

All the President's Men is a whodunit and a highly readable one. Bernstein and Woodward, unfortunately but unavoidably writing about themselves in the third person, relate the gradual exposure of the scandal from a mere burglary to a conspiracy penetrating into the Oval Office itself. Eschewing broad moral or political judgments, they manage to build and hold the drama with unadorned narrative. Their flattering self-portrait is of two hard-nosed reporters using shoe leather, their wits, and unlimited gall to outwit the powerful forces in control of the federal leviathan.

But it is a whodunit where the detectives refuse to tell how they solved the crime. The most celebrated mystery is the identity of Woodward's invaluable government source, "Deep Throat" (who I assume must be a high FBI official if he is not a composite, and if he is a composite he is an inexcusable hoax). There are other gaps in the story of precisely how the two reporters learned what they did learn.

ALTHOUGH many critics believe Watergate investigative reporters were mainly publicizing material already uncovered by government prosecutors, rather than developing new leads, Bernstein and Woodward imply the contrary. They report the FBI thought the *Post* was being leaked reports of FBI interviews (one FBI agent tells Bernstein: "You guys are causing big trouble. Our reports are showing up in the paper verbatim") because they were using the same sources for interviews. But whether they actually received confidential FBI reports of interviews, a federal offense, is left unanswered.

Nor do they approach the larger question of just how big a role they played in breaking the case. Contrary to the widening myth that they truly "solved" the Watergate case, Bernstein and Woodward did not uncover information unknown to investigators (with the important exception of Donald H. Segretti's "dirty tricks" operation). They did exert undisputed pressure by focusing public attention on Watergate both before and after the election of 1972, but they do not try to measure their impact here.

What seems clear, at least as told by Bernstein and Woodward, is that their investigation was no planned vendetta by a liberal newspaper disagreeing with nearly every detail of the program of a conservative Republican President. Had less compulsive reporters been engaged in the story, they imply, the *Post*'s editors would have dropped it. But as the venom of White House denials (mostly untruthful) increased, a death struggle between the President and the *Post* led to excesses. When the *Post* printed spurious McGovern campaign charges of Nixon sabotage on page one, Woodward (a registered Republican) protested in vain.

In truth, the Bernstein-Woodward investigation into Watergate was in neither inception nor operation a quixotic attempt by the *Post* to elect the unelectable McGovern. A far more valid criticism is that in their zeal to uncover the story, Bernstein and Woodward became the mirror image of their adversaries in the White House who

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Robert D. Novak *is a nationally syndicated columnist. . . .* **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is an editor at St. Martin's Press. . . .* **Hugh Kenner**, *who was once* NATIONAL REVIEW*'s poetry editor, now teaches at Johns Hopkins. . . .* **D. Keith Mano***'s latest novel is* The Bridge.

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would stop at nothing to ensure the reelection of President Nixon.

The unannounced and certainly uninvited nighttime visits by Bernstein and Woodward to homes of Nixon campaign officials and secretaries verged on invasion of privacy. Their most flagrant ethical violation came after the 1972 election when they were under intense pressure from their editors for new revelations to show that the *Post* was not, as the White House charged, solely a Democratic campaign device. Woodward memorized the names of grand jury members, and the reporters began contacting the grand jurors at their homes. Luckily for them, Bernstein and Woodward failed to get any information, but Judge John Sirica nearly tossed them in jail anyway.

They describe the project themselves as "a seedy venture," and that is not the only instance of self-doubt they express here. "Why as a reporter," Bernstein wonders, "was he entitled to have access to personal financial records, when such disclosure would outrage him if he were subjected to a similar inquiry by investigators?" Bernstein's doubts widen as they uncover more of the conspiracy. "What if they were being unfair to the President of the United States, damaging not just the man but the institution? And, by extension, the country?"

But if the two reporters sometimes crossed ethical boundaries in quest of their story, this scarcely compares with the cold-blooded lawbreaking in high places that they were exposing. The record is clear. Nearly everything published by the *Post*, all righteously denied and ridiculed by the White House, turned out to be accurate—a remarkable record considering the passions and pressures faced by the reporters.

Their accomplishment was in no way helped by Jeb Magruder. He lied convincingly about Watergate to many a Washington journalist (this reviewer included), but not to the *Post* pair: ". . . we had a policy of never talking to Woodward and Bernstein, because they knew too much—there was too great a risk of their asking a question that would trip us up," Magruder writes.

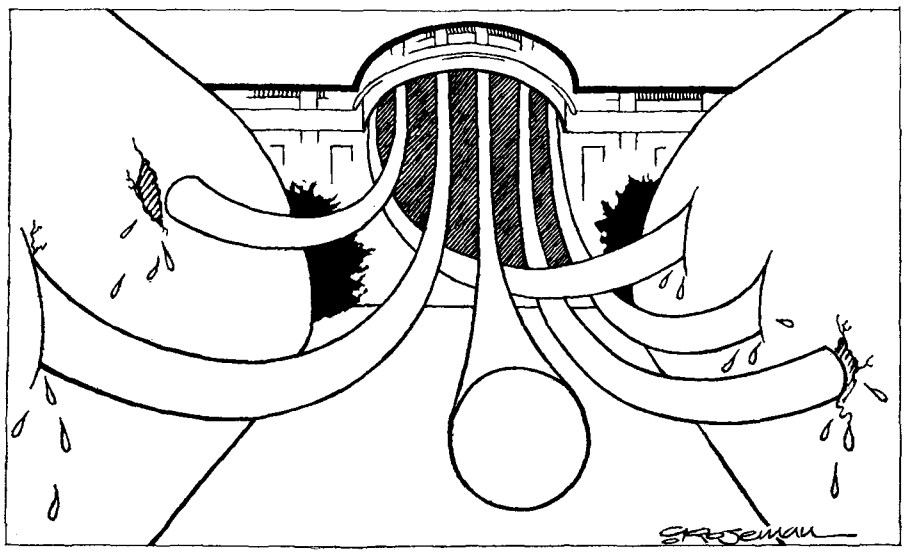
THAT matter-of-fact treatment of conspiracy in the White House is one reason why *An American Life* is nearly as engrossing as the Woodward-Bernstein whodunit. The other reasons are professional writing help given Magruder by freelancer Patrick Anderson and the generous use of gossipy anecdotes from inside the Nixon White House, many unrelated to Watergate. Magruder has always compensated for his shallowness and poor judgment by charm and an insouciant ruthlessness, and he now has used the kiss-and-tell method to ensure his financial security in the wake of personal disgrace.

The world as seen, even in retrospect, by Magruder differs starkly from the Bernstein-Woodward view. While the reporters sympathetically see Nixon campaign treasurer Hugh Sloan as a troubled man who gives them information because he is sickened by the scandal, Magruder regards him as "the source of many problems for us" who is motivated "by personal animosity and by a desire to protect himself from any involvement in wrongdoing." Whereas the reporters describe a bookkeeper working under Nixon finance chief Maurice Stans as a fearful and troubled young woman who reveals information to them most reluctantly, Magruder sees only ulterior motives. "Some of the secretaries at the Finance Committee began to leak information to the FBI and the press that they hoped would be harmful to me and [John] Mitchell," he writes.

This suggests that Magruder's widely publicized repentance may be only skin deep and that he really is unable to comprehend what happened. His attempted explanation tails off into turgid philosophizing: "We had private morality but not a sense of public morality. Instead of applying our private morality to public affairs, we accepted the President's standards of political behavior, and the results were tragic for him and for us."

Magruder deeply implicates John Mitchell and, to a slightly lesser degree, H. R. Haldeman. He guesses, "based on my knowledge of how the White House operated," that the President was in on the coverup. But his deeper indictment is of the climate of fear and anger at the White House causing violations of law to be condoned without debate. This mood is graphically illustrated by Deep Throat's describing to Woodward Mr. Nixon's fixation with the media: "To him the question is no less than the very integrity of government and basic loyalty. He thinks the press is out to get him and therefore is disloyal; people who talk to the press are even worse—the enemies within, or something like that."

IN THE *mea culpa* concluding his book, Magruder declares, "I've helped deal a terrible blow to the political cause I believe in." But in a book that finds time to describe minutely his role in planning the 1973 presidential inaugural, Magruder says precious little about causes or beliefs. Confirming the White House transcripts, his portrait of life inside the White House stresses appearances and gimmicks rather than philosophy. Indeed, it is not supremely important that the *Washington Post* is a liberal newspaper and Richard M. Nixon ran an overtly conservative Administration. These books make clear that their differences over Watergate were not fundamentally ideological but stemmed from the immemorial conflict between lawbreakers and their pursuers. □



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The Fifth Year of the Nixon Watch
By John Osborne
Liveright, 167 pp., $6.95

THE POLITICIAN AND THE GOBLINS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

On January 20, 1973 John Osborne reported in "The Nixon Watch"—his column for *The New Republic*—that President Nixon "was still fulfilling his promise to change 'some of the players' on his team and thus combat what he called 'the tendency . . . for an Administration to run out of steam after the first four years and then to coast, and usually down hill.' " The following December, 11 months and uncountable players later, Osborne recalled in the same forum the President's remark—made to a conference of newspaper editors meeting the previous month in Florida—that if Air Force One goes down "it goes down and then they don't have to impeach," for which remark the President was applauded. If anything is more gorgeously dramatic than the juxtaposition of these two statements, it is the recounting of the events, *seriatim*, of the intervening year.

Several times during the year Yahweh nearly fell out of the clouds in His eagerness to wreak vengeance upon those in high places. Needless to say, all of this makes for reading of greater dramatic potency than, say, the Old Testament, *Exodus*, or *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. Laid end to end, Osborne's pieces touch upon most of the major political events of dung-spotted 1973; but in the main they are far less exercises in the broader ranges of political analysis than they are shrewd personality studies, not only of the Boss but also of whoever else happened to wander across Osborne's sightlines on Richard Nixon.

Osborne composed the first four years of "The Nixon Watch" on the assumption that "Mr. Nixon is fundamentally a shoddy type, not worthy of the Presidency and worthy of praise only when he rises above his past and himself to uncharacteristic levels of purpose and attainment." In this fifth and perhaps last year of his pursuit of poor Richard, Osborne has found no cause to challenge that assumption. "One of Mr. Nixon's problems is himself." He portrays the President as an unstable character, whose ducoed cracks are likely at any moment to widen into fissures and who requires the constant ministrations of a palace elite to prop him up or pack him off to bed.

Nixon's irritability betrays him at inopportune moments, as when last summer, at the El Toro airbase near San Clemente, he spotted Leonid Brezhnev chatting with some fenced-off newsmen and snapped at the Secretary's interpreter that Brezhnev had already said all he needed to say at the formal farewell at the Western White House. Occasionally fogs, of the sort that neither a President nor a big-time corporation lawyer can afford, coil their way through his cranium, as when he remarked at a picture-taking ceremony

with George Shultz about "Wilbur Mills's incapacity—I don't know if an operation, a disk operation, which if he had asked me, I would have told him never to have had one—I haven't had one, but I have never known one to be successful. The surgeons always want to cut."

Osborne's great cleverness at putting a spin on his reporting approaches the virtuosity of a *Meistersinger*. On February 3, discussing Nixon's revelation of the Vietnam peace settlement, Osborne observed that that announcement was delivered "with a curious lack of any sense of triumph." At the same time he noted that "there was no mention of the 12 days of savage bombing that had preceded and—Henry Kissinger was very soon to imply—had brought about the final and conclusive round of talks in Paris." An English journalist named Henry Brandon did a rather flattering book about Nixon's foreign policy, which policy Osborne thinks Brandon might have described as "Mr. Nixon's 'policy of revised involvement' on the cheap." On October 27, covering the unveiling of Gerald Ford as the President's candidate for his second-in-command, Osborne wrote that "Spiro Agnew and the occasion for the nomination of Gerald Ford were not mentioned."

The technique is obvious. In the first instance, Osborne a) implies that the President, as a warmonger, is really unhappy to see an end to American military involvement in Vietnam, a fact that prevents him from announcing that development with enthusiasm, and b) sets up a straw man—how could he possibly have thought that it would have been appropriate for the President to mention the bombing under such circumstances, especially as, by Osborne's own admission, it was left to Kissinger to draw the connection shortly thereafter? In the second, he suggests the absurd notion that foreign policy commitment, to be morally valid, must be costly to the United States (a proposition that would make our contribution to the Vietnamese unpleasantness a highly moral one). And in the third, he sets up another straw clown: what possible obligation bore upon Nixon to mention Agnew when introducing his successor?

In fairness to Osborne, however, it must be said that he has not allowed his personal dislike of the President either to obscure entirely his sense of pity or to warp his understanding of the questions of constitutional statesmanship behind the Watergate brouhaha. "There is tragedy," he wrote last May, "in the spectacle of a President demeaned, a President imperiled, and some awareness and recognition of it should be possible without condoning the infamous conduct and without abetting the line of defense emerging at the White House." In his column "Not Yet, Not Now," dated November 7, he described the "backlash effect" that had been produced among his colleagues of the press by the prevailing demands for "resignation now," which demands implied that the President was either guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors before he had been so adjudged in full and public trial, or, being widely suspected of them, as good as guilty. He castigated such people as Tom Wicker who were writing that the President should not resign but allow himself to

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Not to spoil your day, but *Cavett* is a new autobiography (Harcourt, $8.95). . . . Two big biographies from Putnam's: *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, most versatile of the Medicis, by Hugh Ross Williamson ($15.95) and a new one on Marlborough, *The First Churchill*, by Correlli Barnett ($14.95). . . . *Canaris* is a life of the German spy boss by André Brissaud (Grosset, $7.95). . . . *Bachelors Anonymous*, Wodehousian all the way, celebrates a group of beleaguered eligibles who organize themselves along AA lines (Simon & Schuster, $6.95). . . . Leonard Mosley's *The Reich Marshal*, a biography of Goering, is drawn in part from interviews with his widow (Doubleday, $12.50). . . . William S. Burroughs' *The Last Words of Dutch Schultz* is a fictional treatment of the ganglord (Viking, $7.95). . . . It was a ghastly one, but Jim Bishop retraces *FDR's Last Year* for Morrow ($10.95).

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Reprinted by Scribner's: a 1902 history of *Baseball* by Seymour R. Church (paperback, out, $4.95). . . . For its "Great Teams' Great Years" series, Macmillan has five new ones for September at $8.95 each: *Dallas Cowboys, Kansas City Chiefs. San Francisco 49ers, Washington Redskins, Pittsburgh Steelers.* For the same house, Mickey Herskowitz means the Fifties when he celebrates *The Golden Age of Pro Football* (Oct., $10.95). . . . Kal Wagenheim's *Babe Ruth: His Life and Legend* is illustrated (Praeger, Aug., $7.95).

■ PAPERBACKS JUST OUT: *The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States* is the entire transcript, verbatim (Dover, $4.95). The same house offers *The First World War in Posters*, 48 in full color ($4.95). . . . Frank Mankiewicz shreds the President in *Perfectly Clear* (Popular Library, $1.95).

■ CPUSA, LIT. DIV.: In case you wonder what the comrades are lining up to read this season, a glance at the fall list from International, ancient Party-line publishing house, reveals Gus Hall huffing and puffing over *The Energy Rip-Off*, Michael Myerson discovering *Watergate*, and Hyman Lumer editing—with exquisite care—*Lenin on the Jewish Question.*

■ SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *United Nations Journal*, Wm. Buckley recounts his three months as a delegate (Putnam's, $6.95). The same house confounds Baker Street Irregulars with John Gardner's *The Return of Moriarty* ($8.95). . . . Eleanor (Mrs. George) McGovern found it all *Uphill* (Houghton, $7.95). . . . Gordon N. Ray studies a famous liaison in *H. G. Wells and Rebecca West* (Yale, $7.95). . . . Praeger has a new Meyer Levin novel about Israel, *The Spell of Time* ($5.95).

be flayed by impeachment: "Those who advocate impeachment rather than resignation for these kinds of reasons are somewhat in the position of aboriginal Indians who, in historic fable, could have solved the problem raised by a troublesome captive by letting him escape but preferred to hold him until they were ready to burn him at the stake."

Nevertheless, Osborne's 1973 writings on Nixon leave me oppressed by a sense of the arrogance of the American press corps: not so much on Osborne's part, perhaps, but on the part of such journalists as the correspondent who "barked" at Ron Ziegler to know "why" the President was returning from San Clemente to Washington several days earlier than originally planned. Here, of course, I am not advocating any suppression of the press: certainly reporters and columnists are entitled to all the arrogance they can tank away in their spleens. Journalism is neither an exact science nor a public service; it is great sport, and its duties to humankind are largely of the negative variety. All the same, in the historical case of Richard Nixon *v.* The Media, I find the role of the arbiters of public opinion to be a somewhat ironic one.

Richard Nixon is not the sort of person who is attractive to the most potent and glamorous of newsmen; he knows it, and has forever been insecure in the knowledge. He is unhandsome. He lacks urbanity and, despite his 27 years in high federal office, sophistication. He is not a man of ideas or of personal charm. He was simply not bred to such things. He grew up in a grocery store in Southern California. At Whittier College the swells gave him the cold shoulder, so he had to found his own social club. When he came east after the war he peddled his newly acquired legal skills up and down Wall Street, and was left at five in the evenings to pack himself up like a hotdog vendor when the superlawyers went home to Sutton Place. Most of his major campaigns have pitted him against men who were, as members of America's aristocracy of birth and talent, vastly his superiors: Jerry Voorhis, Adlai Stevenson, John F. Kennedy, Edmund Brown.

Whether he won the office or not, he always came off as a shifty hick in the eyes of those whose acceptance meant much to him. It is certainly a moot question as to whether the campaign tricks he employed against Voorhis and the chromium Hollywood gal were demonstrably worse than those routinely employed in American politics (Walter Goodman found him eminently fair in his cross-examination of Alger Hiss) but it was Nixon, with his metallic suits and five o'clock shadow, who was employing them. In 1952 the press belabored him for keeping a slush fund which, it was later quietly revealed, was almost precisely similar to one kept by Stevenson, except for the fact that it was better accounted for. Eisenhower on at least one occasion made a butt of him, to the great glee of the media.

IN 1962, when he ran for the governorship of California, he was forced, after trotting out his ideas on his pet subject, foreign policy, to descend to the promise to chase the Hisses out of Washington, this being the sort of behavior that the voters had been encouraged to believe was typical of the real Nixon. True, he had earlier chosen to make anti-Communism his turf, but it must be recalled that Bobby Kennedy was not forever confined to the kind of politics in which his staff work for Joe McCarthy embroiled him. From 1968 to 1972, of course, Nixon had a somewhat better time of it, but the social and intellectual snobbery that has characterized so much of the anti-Nixon persiflage never evaporated. Had a Kennedy been elected and gone to Peking, the intelligentsia would have been enthralled; because it was Nixon who made the trip, they merely approved.

Nothing, of course, alters the fact that one of Mr. Nixon's problems is indeed himself, and that even many of his pre-CREEP actions, and the manner and style in which he executed them, were cause for critical comment. All I presume to argue is that the liberal political backers and opinion makers, who believe (at least in theory) in poor boys and in the importance of environment and so-called peer-group encouragement, might have been expected to bring more understanding to bear upon said Richard. If the practitioners of American liberalism had evinced the

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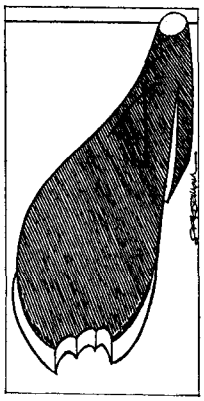
kind of forbearing sympathy for Nixon that they reserve for prison rioters, looters, student guerrillas, and senators who drive women off bridges, the man in the White House conceivably would not be quite the hopeless paranoid whose flunkies speak of "those jerks in the media." After all, as they say in the Oval Office, "just because a man is paranoid doesn't mean he hasn't got enemies." And in the Northeast-and-California media, this President always has had an enemy, in the presence of which he has been tightening up for years. The most appalling thing about the Checkers speech, viewed today, is that Nixon can no longer speak to audiences with the sort of emotional directness of which he was capable in 1952.



MANY people dislike kittens when they grow into cats: others, ambitious young proletarians when they grow into capitalists. But if politicians like Richard Nixon cannot face up to the Osbornes of this world without being permanently warped by them, they deserve all that the press goblins and Congress can dish up for them. □

The Poetry of Richard Milhous Nixon
Compiled by Jack Margolis
Cliff House Books, unpaged, $1

A NEW VOICE

HUGH KENNER

Here are no sonnets for an idle hour. Stark, terse, hard bitten, cunningly disequilibrated—tiptoe, in fact, on the needlepoint of our century's anguish—these poems speak to and for the thwarted Tamburlaine that lurks in the psyche of urban America. Make no mistake, ours are not easy times. Old certainties dissolve. On every front—ecology, government, Russia, Raquel Welch—we face both ways while poet Nixon speaks for all of us:

Mixed Emotions

I still have mixed emotions on it.
I don't know.
I don't know.

I have been one way one time
one way another.

By contrast, how quintessentially *English* was Tennyson's "This way and that dividing the swift mind," a genteel stab at a comparable authenticity. Mr. Nixon has nothing for the ear of Queen Victoria: no periphrasis, no effete pentameter. The American idiom beats in his *Threepenny Opera*, which in frank concession to our decade's theme, inflation, is entitled "One Million Dollars":

We could get that.
On the money,
If you need the money,
You could get that.

You could get a million dollars.
You could get it in cash.
I know where it could be gotten.
It is not easy,
But it could
Be done.

American, this, alike in its unsleeping self-reliance and in its acknowledgment of engulfing reality.

Reality: that is Mr. Nixon's note. He will have us dodge nothing. One of his most laconic lyrics, "Let's Face It," arrays bitter words down the page like bars of iron, bitten off and quietly spat out:

Nobody
Is
A friend
Of ours.

Let's
Face
It.

Don't worry
About
That sort
Of thing.

These are poems to read in the subway, in the line at the checkout counter, beside the gaspump, wherever life is lived. No fellow in a quilted jacket confected them. No, resuming the methods of his master, Homer, Mr. Nixon resorted to the wellspring of authenticity, oral improvisation amid real shock, real stress, and his utterances were transcribed for his editor, Mr. Margolis, to arrange into lines. Division of labor, that is the sole modern note. Mr. Margolis is a master of lineation, who had he been available might have saved Homer some awkward enjambments. But the words are all Mr. Nixon's: not one syllable nor (we are told) one punctuation mark tampered with in any way.

And how flexibly his emotions pulse against the skin of language! Once or twice a simple heartfelt lilt breaks through:

You can say I don't remember
You can say I can't recall.

I can't give any answer
To that
That I can recall.

—and how subtly this evades the merely ingenious rhyme!

BUT more often, as in the haunting "Who Are They After?" (a profound reversal of Wyatt's "They flee from me," effected by a student of "The Hound of Heaven") Nixon will pare away the merely formal core to leave *Angst* freestanding:

Who
the hell
are they after?
They
are
after
us.

The mythic dimensions of this, one leaves to more eloquent pens, content with the resonances a poet can strike from a mere ten words.

Face to face with such quiet mastery,

one is startled to learn from the jacket that this is Mr. Nixon's first book of poetry. Surely we may expect much more from his Sony? We have no right to expect better. So consummate an achievement, one is quietly satisfied to remark, certifies to the viability of the Middle American lifestyle. Yorba Linda has given tongue to Pittsburgh, to Winnetka. Here is no footloose vagrant, no sandaled unshaven bum. Unlike Homer or Allen Ginsberg, Mr. Nixon, a civil servant, is content to reside "in Washington, D.C., with his wife Pat." □

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FICTION

My Life as a Man
By Philip Roth
Holt, 330 pp., $8.95

THE NOVEL AS SHRUG

D. KEITH MANO

The Jew in American Jewish fiction is passive: a Tar Baby catching punches. So, *nu*? If he were active, he'd be Christian. It's no wonder the Super Jew of modern Israel—energetic, warlike, frankly Calvinist—has made few feature appearances in Bellow, Malamud, Richler, Markfield, Singer, Roth. He seems eccentric and goyish, what with his uncircumcised Protestant work ethic. On the other hand Jewish parents send their disorganized, unsuccessful sons and daughters to a kibbutz for three months' occupational therapy. All over New York you meet these young and enthusiastic outpatients of Israel. It's the second frontier.

BUT American Jewish novelists couldn't care less for success: success can't be made funny. It is the distinguishing characteristic of American Jewish fiction to be most comic while simultaneously most serious. The greater the expectation, the greater the bathos when expectations come unstuck. Red Skelton planted some precarious item in his best skits—say, a ten-foot-high stack of records—to arouse slapstick expectations. Now and then Skelton, protective arms out, would yell, "Too soon! Too soon!" And perversely, the pile often remained intact. Jewish fiction uses analogous devices. Instead of a ten-foot-high record stack, it is the protagonist's high seriousness, his high ideals, just as vulnerable, which are in jeopardy. Seldom do they survive untoppled.

My Life as a Man could be the textbook Jewish novel. Tarnopol, its hero, is a writer-teacher—as are six of every 15 Jewish novel heroes. Tarnopol has made a catastrophic marriage. Maureen, the *shiksa* wife, comes on like one of those all-purpose penknives: she can cut, punch, corkscrew, or rasp him into wretchedness. Tarnopol pishers away nearly ten years trying to understand why he married her. His approach is literary; he brings New Criticism to bear on his *tsuris*. More or less typical of the Jewish novel: at some level it is attuned to its predecessors in the History of Western Fiction. Human existence treated as beginning-middle-end; event as epiphany. In fact the novel is both entertainment and an inexpensive tool for psychiatric self-help. Roth goes about it cleverly. Part III is "My True Story." Parts I and II are pieces of short fiction: Tarnopol casting his disaster in literary form, with which form (and not formless real life) he has been trained to cope. I like the concept. It works. Perhaps, though, Tarnopol's short stories represent Roth's own false starts with *My Life as a Man*. It wouldn't surprise me. Novelists, Jewish or Christian, need to be thrifty.

Some blunt, though useful, generalizations. The Christian has a mechanism for atonement and salvation. He is cheerful or desperate, insofar as he accepts or rejects grace. He doesn't immanentize the eschaton: that is to say, human life—bad marriages, bollixed careers—isn't final. The Jew doesn't traffic in such widespread extremes: despair and holy cheer; this life and afterlife. His range is narrower, but more intense. It reaches from optimism to resignation. He has no apparatus for repentance. Sins—the word is wrong, mistakes—must be thought and rethought, set in an intellectual context, explained. His ideals are very high, but they are not otherworldly: Leviticus is a practical check list. Comedy functions in this narrowed range; hope, then deflation. "Human" and "humor" have earthly roots: from *humus* (soil) and *humor* (moistness) respectively. This gap between the ideal and the real is perceived as comic in Jewish fiction. The Christian, suspended between enormous extremes, can't get close enough to make jokes. There are no belly laughs in the Resurrection story.

PSYCHOANALYSIS, for this reason, has been a peculiarly Jewish exercise since Freud first created the 50-minute hour and called it good. Jewish heroes have an aptitude for the exegesis of complex moral events. Everybody in *My Life as a Man* is supporting at least one analyst. Dr. Spielvogel's couch becomes the novel's arena: Tarnopol does his best suffering there. Moreover, the Jewish hero despises violence. As a result, violent acts, whether performed or endured, have a special resonance in the Jewish novel. They surprise. They insult. The single slap, even the hard look, are wonderfully heightened: each has to be understood, analyzed. And sex, too, is a form of physical violence. The Jewish hero can't slough it off as merely procreative. But in thinking about it so much, in elevating it, he tends to idealize women. And they, in turn, tend to disappoint him.

STYLE or "sound" keys a comic tone. Jewish novelists obscure the "I." *My Life as a Man* is pretty much all first person narrative. Yet in only one sentence out of 12 or 15 does the "I" bat first. In the other 11 or 14, it is overmodestly effaced behind a cowcatcher of participles and conditionals. It won't speak without proper introduction; it is bashful, gentle, undogmatic. Even when the "I" leads off, more often than not it will hedge: "I suppose," "I suggest," "I like to think." Hemingway made strong use of the subject word as first beat in a sentence. That was his literary style. The Jewish novel style is not literary; it is preeminently oral. Sentences are arranged as spoken, with a reserve that smacks of conversation in unfamiliar company. We seldom say, "I did." We blunt the assertive pronoun with hesitants: well, say, er-ah, you know, etc. Even the third person descriptive passages in Roth or Malamud read aloud like dialogue. They have a rhythm, an accent; a shrug of resigned shoulders. They settle on the first person almost as an afterthought. "A reader of Conrad's *Lord Jim* and Mauriac's *Thérèse* and Kafka's 'Letter to His Father,' of Hawthorne and Strindberg and Sophocles—of Freud!—and still I did not know that humiliation would do such a job on a man." Subject becomes object in its own sentence; it is passive as the Jewish hero himself. This reversal of declarative energy supplies a humorous left hand tempo. The Jewish novelist has invented—more likely, his ear has picked up—a comic syntax.

This review is generic, not particular. I apologize to Philip Roth for that. *My Life as a Man* isn't the best novel of its kind. Nonetheless, deploying just general issue Jewish equipment, Roth has constructed a funny, imaginative, moving book. It serves to prove that the Jewish novel, in good hands, is our most enduring and resource-filled subgenre. □

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BERENSON
(Continued from page 821)

marginal, un-demilitarized zone composed of decaying leaves, dead goldenrod, remnants of New England asters, and a wealth of healthy, juicy brambles with virulent thorns. On occasion, the latter produce a minute crop of seedy blackberries. There are also tree seedlings whose growth threatens the little sunlight the garden (mine) gets. In the spring, this area is spotted with brilliant red trillium; in the fall, it plays host to deep blue bottle gentians. This spring I decided to clean the place up —rake the leaves, cut our brambles and a few saplings—but I had not reckoned with their defender's eternal vigilance. "Careful—you'll kill the trillium." "Careful—you're pulling out new goldenrod." "Careful—you're destroying the ecological balance." (He can be very scientific, especially when enraged.) Pointing out that all these things grow in other, not cultivable parts of our place too cuts no ice with him; a trillium is to him what a rose was to Miss Stein, and more is better.

My visions of a technicolor garden persist nonetheless. In the meantime, since I'm not an adherent of Women's Lib, I try to moderate his fury by carefully contrived sexism. Last summer, for instance, we discovered in another part of our forest a whole colony of rare lady slippers blooming on a bed of oak leaves. My strategy was to offer to dig one up and transplant it to the bramble border. Torn between his collector's greed and his ecological conscience, greed won, on the theory that we might be helping to preserve this threatened species. This spring, we looked and looked for it—not a sign. But Memorial Day weekend, as I was contemplating a flat of asters, I heard a piercing cry: he had discovered it in full bloom. It was a great moment; our hearts beat, truly, as one. Filled with euphoria, he even let me mow half the lawn.

The day after, incredibly, the lady slipper had disappeared. We think some animal—we've got chipmunks, woodchucks, squirrels, raccoons, deer, and maybe (see Peterson's fine work on animal tracks) a wildcat—ate it, though generally they confine their appetites to gourmet fare like delphinium or carnation. Meanwhile, I know a place in our woods where corn lilies grow and I'm going to suggest transplanting them in return for being allowed to mow the other half of the lawn. □

LETTERS
(Continued from page 789)

have never discriminated against minorities—and the future productivity and standard of living of this country. The claim is that we must either apply different standards to nonwhites who have difficulty competing on tests or eliminate standards altogether. The Court's reasoning was not related to the technical nature of the tests, for there are many highly reliable and valid test predictors of achievement and job performance. The ploy of "cultural bias" entered the picture to mask the politics of the decision: concurrently to provide jobs on a quota basis and to eliminate any tool, such as tests to determine who does and who does not have the appropriate skills, that might hinder this quota policy.

I hope that Mr. Hammerman never needs a good defense lawyer or skilled surgeon. If he does, however, I hope his actions are consistent with his views—that he has no qualms in selecting a minority member who was admitted into a professional school to fill a quota and then with the help of a civil rights organization petitioned that the bar or medical examination was "biased" and entered the profession through the back door.

2. A point made in the article needs repeating. There are many groups, besides those defined by the Federal Government, that have suffered from discrimination in some way. No one asks how we know that some black person did not come from a home more advantaged than that of some white person seeking the same job or trying to get into college. Justice for one group is utterly meaningless if it requires injustice toward another group.

3. In general, Mr. Hammerman contends that the quota article was oversimplified and biased. Of course, it was biased. Social facts about people do not speak for themselves; they must be interpreted in a frame of reference—by writer and reader alike. It is this frame of reference, which is both conceptual and value-ridden, which sometimes leads to disagreement.

As for the content being superficial, I think it provided sufficient information in two pages. The article was abbreviated from my chapter on "The Rise of Racial Quotas" in *Race and Politics in School Community Organizations*. Mr. Hammerman can find a detailed discussion of the topic in this book.

Chicago, Ill. ALLAN ORNSTEIN

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RIDGEWAY [K.] FOLEY [JR.]:
Welfare as a Right

No objective observers can accept the proposition that once a program designed to promote the real or imagined well-being of one person becomes law, that law forever freezes into the system beyond the possibility of change.

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BRIDGES

(Continued from page 816)

well known inmates have is their writing, but that in itself can be convincing enough. Listen to Vladimir Borisov. (The KGB psychiatrists say of him that he has "a psychopathological syndrome and intellectual deterioration . . . to a degree that amounts to mental illness; at the present time he cannot understand or control his actions.")

> . . . from last Monday onward I started working with a nurse on domestic chores. I am already entrusted with darning socks, but I am a modest man and won't put on airs. What else new is there? Hardly anything worth noting, or suitable for passing the censorship of this establishment . . .
>
> And on this earth it is already evening. The day has been splendid. The sun—the rarest visitor down here—shone all day, and even the grim brick walls we saw when exercising were singing. The walls here are indeed amazing. Put together with old, oven-fired brick and joined with putty that turned into stone, they transmit sound extraordinarily well; unacquainted with the housepainter's brush, they glisten in the sun; made of brick alone, they have a very subtle, complex, and expressive architectural quality. . . . No, just look how far I've got in becoming sentimental—I've begun to sing praises to the walls of my prison! . . .
>
> I miss people, I miss birds (secretly, I feed pigeons, but a pigeon is not a real bird), I miss the sun, the forest, the physical movement—here, you tend to lie about, like a badger. . . .
>
> Really! What sort of amnesty can be applied to someone sentenced under my sort of article of the law? . . . And is it possible to grant a man an amnesty from illness?—Because that is what my legal position is. Consequently, there can be no argument about any term of confinement. . . .
>
> I am very reluctant to leave Mama alone, again . . . It is hard to understand the whole horror of loneliness for a mother whose footsteps arouse only an echo in an empty flat. . . .
>
> I was given a new neighbor (more exactly, I was allotted to a new person). A nice young fellow, well informed. An architect. He draws remarkably well, and is amusing. What else can you want? . . .

"There is no worse fate for a healthy person," Bukovsky says, "than to be confined indefinitely in a mental hospital." To judge by the evidence in *Abuse of Psychiatry*, he is not exaggerating. However, there is a real question as to how much good Westerners can do against the powerful Soviet apparatus, even in the specific matter of ending abuses of psychiatry, let alone ending the general political repression on which such a regime depends. Bukovsky quotes a joke making the rounds in the prison camps: "Show the Soviet Union a free man, and they'll come up with a law to put him away." They'll also come up with a place to put him—if not a hospital, then a camp; if not put away, then perhaps shot while escaping. However, the dissidents hope that, partly because the current Soviet leaders do not have Stalin's nerve, partly because they are eager for the trade that comes from detente, the West might be able to embarrass them into ending their worst offenses. "Stalinist methods don't work any more," says Bukovsky. "The authorities don't want a big scandal. They have to maintain a semblance of legality." And this does seem to be true—*vide* the release of Grigorenko last month—although one can't be certain what the Soviets' motives are: is Bukovsky alive today—and in jail instead of in an asylum—because of Western protests, or might he have escaped with a lower sentence in his 1972 trial if Western correspondents had refused to help him become so conspicuous? Is the Soviet Union just breaking even with its new policy of forcibly exiling dissidents, or is it actually winning—at once getting rid of troublemakers like Solzhenitsyn and Litvinov, and lulling the West into thinking, as Solzhenitsyn pointed out in his interview with Walter Cronkite, that if the dissidents are safely out, what is going on within the Soviet Union hardly matters?

Serious questions have also been raised as to how much good the dissidents themselves are doing. Andrei Amalrik, in his grim little book *Will the Soviet Union Survive until 1984?*, predicts that the regime will never change peacefully, and that it will not be intellectuals but the bulk of the people who will bring the final, bloody confrontation. Others—Sakharov and Bukovsky, for example—are only slightly more optimistic than Amalrik, but believe with him that as long as they live in Russia they must fight simply to retain their moral existence.

Bukovsky, Shimanov, Plyushch, Borisov, Gershuni, Naritsa . . . They are fighting our battle as well as their own. When they ask for our help, the least we can do is give it—as Sakharov reminds us, for our sake as much as for theirs. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Meanwhile, before the Courts...

On The Right

New York, July 4—With all the diversions of the President's trip to the Mideast, and now his trip to the Soviet Union, we are tempted to lose sight of the arguments now being considered by the courts: on which, conceivably, the future of Mr. Nixon will hang. Or, to put the question less particularly, on which the future of the American President will hang, inasmuch as it is Mr. Nixon's position that he is fighting nowadays not so much for himself as for the independence of the presidential office.

Concerning this, there is a great deal of hocus-pocus. On the whole, the United States has profited from an Executive insulated from the whim of the Legislature. But it has not been *all* good. At worst, it has made American Presidents ineffective, and American Congresses irresponsible. When a President of one party confronts a Congress of another party, it is all too easy to blame each other for acts of political delinquency. On the whole, it would probably have been better if Congress had overcome President Hoover in 1931, dissipating the congressional servitude to Franklin Roosevelt that would accumulate two years later. And, on the whole, it would have been better if President Eisenhower, during his six years as a President with an opposition Congress, had accentuated the paradox and persuaded the voters in 1958 of the dangers of a polarized distribution of power between the Executive and the Legislature. There are bards in American political theory who love it the way it is. In fact, it has disadvantages, and the argument now going on proceeds without any theoretical reference to these disadvantages.

CONSIDER. The House of Representatives, seeking to gather material against Richard Nixon, subpoenas certain of his tapes. Richard Nixon refuses to make them available. He replies most courteously to Mr. Rodino, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, giving him any number of historical examples of Congress refusing to give confidential material to the White House, of the White House refusing to give confidential material to the Courts, of the Courts refusing to give confidential material to Congress—ad infinitum.

Then President Nixon looses a moral thunderbolt, which must have rocked the Democratic liberals on the Judiciary Committee, and their mentors in the Ivy League. Rodino had put it this way in his letter to Nixon: that Nixon's failure to supply the desired tapes would "free [Committee members] to consider whether your refusals warrant the drawing of adverse inferences concerning the substance of the materials, and whether your refusals in and of themselves might constitute a ground of impeachment."

Years ago, the argument used to be on the question whether someone who pleaded the Fifth Amendment as a ground for refusing to testify to a congressional committee could do so without in any way prejudicing the moral or legal case against himself. A few distinguished scholars took the position that taking the Fifth entitled the jury (or the congressional committee) to draw unfriendly conclusions toward the taker of the Fifth. By and large, Prosecutor Nixon was on this side of the argument at that time. Those who now charge him with inconsistency may do so too hastily. Taking the Fifth Amendment in answer to the question: "Do you now or have you ever belonged to the Communist Party?" is significantly removed from: "Produce the record of your conversations with the Attorney General on April 4, 1972." Mr. Nixon takes the position that the Executive must be the judge of the relevance of the transcript of April 4, 1972. It happens that he has a nice example here—because on another occasion he did give up that transcript, to another investigator, and it turned out to have nothing in it of any conceivable interest to the impeachment committee. But in his formal answer to Rodino, President Nixon quoted the courts as having on one occasion ruled that even allowing comment by a judge or prosecutor on the exercise of a valid constitutional claim is "a penalty imposed by courts for exercising a constitutional privilege," and that "it cuts down on the privilege by making its assertion costly."

I happen to think this is mostly flapdoodle, but I think the President has got hold here of an argument the Supreme Court can neglect only at the expense of turning right around on its Fifth Amendment argument, and whether it is willing to do this for the sole sake of skewering Nixon on this recondite point, we can only guess; and wait, impatiently, to see. □

THE JACKSON AMENDMENT BEARS FRUIT

New York, June 25—The intricate question of how to bargain Jewish emigration rights for American commercial favoritism approaches, and the parties involved are bargaining hard. They are: 1) the senators who are spokesmen for the 78 senators pledged to deny Russia Most Favored Nation treatment unless Russia permits emigration of her Jews; 2) the general lobbies in America galvanized to put pressure on the Nixon Administration to yield to the Senate; and 3) the Soviet Union. Concerning the impasse, a few observations:

1. The President's threat to veto the Senate rider is probably a gesture for the benefit of the Soviet Union. With 78 cosponsors, the bill is not likely to yield to presidential suasion on the matter of American obligations to respect the rights of other governments to write their own domestic policies. It is, however, officially the American position that the Senate's Jackson Amendment, by tying economic detente to particular Soviet policies toward minority emigration, is presumptuous and threatens the whole program of detente for the advantage of a select minority. American diplomats are constantly telling their foreign counterparts that the legislative branch is independent of the executive branch and at the crunch there is nothing we can do about it. No doubt Mr. Brezhnev and Mr. Gromyko have wondered why we do not send Senator Jackson to Siberia to cool off for ten years, at which point it becomes our sad duty to respond that we have not mastered Communist techniques of government—give us a few years.

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2. Last September at the United Nations, Foreign Minister Gromyko thundered out his government's determination on no account to permit foreign interference in domestic Soviet policies. The louder the Soviets get in insisting on a point, the more they are relying on bombast, the readier they are actually to negotiate. And this in fact appears to be happening. First it was the old one step backward: decreasing the quota of Jews allowed to emigrate, to make the Americans anxious. Then—suddenly—the promise, presumably transmitted by Gromyko to Kissinger, that the quota will be lifted to 45,000 Jews per year, 10,000 more than were allowed to leave in 1973. This is good news but inevitably brings up the delicate question: how can we tell that the Soviet Union will live up to its word? Usually we can tell that the Soviet Union will not live up to its word, and that should always be the governing assumption. The way to put it is: are there special circumstances here that suggest an extraordinary Soviet fidelity to their word? Soviet officials have themselves come forward with the observation that to harass Jewish petitioners for exit visas is "inconsistent with Soviet laws." Well, Soviet life is inconsistent with Soviet laws, so what else is new? But we see here an apparent Soviet effort actually to permit the egress of substantial numbers of Jews, and we quite naturally wonder exactly why.

3. The obvious answer is that the Soviet Union desperately needs American economic credits and the lowering of American tariff barriers to Soviet goods, such as they are. That no doubt is the principal reason for yielding, and there is reason both to cheer at the prospective victory of Senator Jackson, and to weep that we did not, having found the decisive weapon, ask for more. Asked, say, for greater freedom of information, and for the right of Soviet citizens to join their families elsewhere in the world. But apart from this, there is probably a reason why the Soviet attitude toward Jewish emigration is softening, and probably that is the lessening of pressure from the Arab states. It is a constant refrain in the United Nations that the Soviet Union plays a double game. On the one hand, it makes expensively available to Syria and to Egypt and to others the weaponry to prosecute the holy war against Israel. On the other hand, it makes available to Israel the soldiers whose job it soon will become to fight Soviet weaponry with Israeli-American weaponry. If indeed we are on the verge at this point of a few years of greatly lessened tension in the Mideast, Russian Jewish emigration to Israel becomes less of a political problem, and the Soviet Union can always come up with one of its switcheroos for the purpose of saving face: some such statement as that no Soviet citizen who doesn't like it in Russia is welcome to stay. You'd have to test-run that, I guess, in a small unobserved city, to make sure that the streets hadn't emptied by midnight.

So we move forward a little bit and, although all the theoretical exercises of Nixon and Kissinger are correct, in fact we have, thanks to Henry Jackson, made a little genuine progress here. Congratulations. □

COLSON AND CHRISTIANITY

New York, June 28—I have been interested by the leers that greet the news of Charles Colson's conversion to Christianity. They are variously expressed. Those among us who consider themselves most worldly—Mr. Pete Hamill, for instance, or the writers for the *Village Voice*—treat the whole thing as a huge joke, as if W. C. Fields had come out for the Temperance Union. They are waiting for the second act, when the resolution comes, and W. C. Fields is toasting his rediscovery of booze, and Colson is back practicing calisthenics on his grandmother's grave.

It says a great deal about the meaning of Christianity in our culture. Traditionally, it has been those who have sinned the most who are the special objects of providential grace. The prodigal son is welcomed most by heaven precisely because he has most to atone for.

Ah, but does that mean that we shouldn't be most surprised by the most drastic alteration in known attitudes? If Al Capone had become a Franciscan monk, there is no doubting that that operation would have exhausted huge storage banks of heavenly grace. Or if Anthony Lewis uttered a compassionate word about Richard Nixon, one would certainly take notice, though indeed there are those who would suspect guile: *reculer pour mieux sauter*, as the Frogs say, who know how to step back a little in order to leap forward a lot. But it does not matter who it is, it is possible to suspect guile, as in the case of Charles Colson. If one of the President's conversations had in it: "Let's figure out what our duty is and do it," most people would have suspected that those words were uttered for the sake of the record, maybe after calling in the Secret Service to dust off the hidden microphones. It has all become so twisted that we tend to be particularly skeptical when we detect someone doing something because it is right, even though it is something that is tactically damaging.

Concerning Chuck Colson, it seems to me less implausible than it apparently does to others that he should have found Christ. His weakness, as generally identified, has been his heliocentric concern for one person—Richard Nixon. When he told the court that it did not occur to him to challenge Mr. Nixon when told to go out and do something, are we asked to disbelieve that? Not by the critics of Colson, or those of Nixon; indeed that is what they most desire to believe: that everything Colson did that was disreputable, he did at the bidding of someone he treated as commander in chief. Whether he'd have served Richard Nixon if Nixon had been not the President of the United States, but chairman of the board of Murder, Inc., we have no way of knowing: no way of knowing whether Colson carried about with him springs of resistance the devil himself could not overstrain.

But now he says that he has discovered Christ. To say you have discovered Christ, in our secular society, is to say something that causes most people to wince with embarrassment. Christ is something to be discovered only between the hours of ten and noon Sunday morning by Billy Graham, before or after a golf game, or by a bearded young man on the corner of Hollywood and Vine for whom Christfreaking is a way station between college sociology and Timothy Leary. Or the sort of thing that caused cruel wars in the Dark and Middle Ages because one set of people said Christ had six toes, the other that He had five. For Charles Colson to say that he has found Jesus Christ is like Coca-Cola announcing it has discovered Pepsi-Cola: J. Walter Thompson has to be impeached before that kind of thing is credible.

So much for the *stupor mundi*. And when we need Him most. "I see it as one of the greatest ironies of this ironical time," writes Malcolm Muggeridge, "that the Christian message renouncing the world should be withdrawn from consideration just when it is most desperately needed to save men's reason, if not their souls. It is as though a Salvation Army band, valiantly and patiently waiting through the long years for Judgment Day, should, when it comes at last, and the heavens do veritably begin to unfold like a scroll, throw away their instruments and flee in terror." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A POET MADE SHOTS — 27 45 68 29 39 82 11 182 69 73 / 115 131 134 136

B. A city in Florida — 55 61 71 112 117 143 163 195 30 205

C. A loose dressing gown — 86 124 44 206 122 79

D. A city in the United States named for one in France — 106 3 208 9 41 81 118 166 6 60

E. Saul's youngest son — 121 85 70 177 189 201 2 14 28 50

F. County seat, Adams County, Penna. — 165 19 1 34 114 125 53 80 83 119

G. American electric engineer and inventor (1858-1934); associate of Edison — 169 209 72 4 54 98

H. One who steals — 180 8 193 43 21

I. A passage used in connection with lungs, mines, aviation, and radio — 5 16 22 47 51 99

J. Consideration paid for insurance — 198 185 192 57 84 156 132

K. The hippopotamus — 210 135 148 168 175 144 202 13 52 23

L. He still asks, "Whom are we neutral against?" — 67 199 178 95 87 190 10 142

M. A son of Joktan — 36 123 58 91 149 12 138

N. Inclined to stand aloof — 155 40 102 173 110 162

O. One of Zelophehad's daughters — 46 49 59 65

P. Show liveliness or exhilaration — 97 184 207 42 113 167 128 89 154 176

Q. "We came in with—/—Conqueror. Therefore, . . . let the world slide!" (*The Taming of the Shrew*) — 127 104 15 172 62 179 25

R. Cause to feel vexed or resentful — 145 105 126 64 74 188

S. A billiard shot made by striking the cue ball above its center — 183 26 92 100 147 78

T. A city in Kansas — 75 101 108 93 170 158 17

U. Words that might be used when burying one who smokes in bed — 90 20 38 24 33 137 116 141 150 133 / 153 195

V. The king . . . drains his draughts of —— down." (*Hamlet*) — 159 76 129 203 94 111 181

W. A type of clergyman's hat — 174 152 77 96 109 146

X. Passionate — 63 107 191 139 31 204 157 18

Y. Existing without intervening space or substance — 88 140 171 186 130 200 120 161 197

Z. Something located inside the mouth — 103 160 187 151 32 56 164 196

a. The first Ku Kluxer to serve on the United States Supreme Court — 7 48 35 37 66

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 830 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 F	2 E	3 D	■	4 G	5 I	6 D	■	7 a	8 H	9 D	■	10 L	11 A	12 M	13 K	14 E	15 Q
16 I	17 T	18 X	19 F	20 U	■	21 H	22 I	23 K	24 U	25 Q	26 S	27 A	■	28 E	29 A	30 B	■	31 X
32 Z	33 U	34 F	■	35 a	36 M	■	37 a	38 U	39 A	■	40 N	41 D	42 P	43 H	■	44 C	45 A	46 O
■	47 I	48 a	49 O	■	50 E	51 I	52 K	■	53 F	54 G	55 B	56 Z	57 J	58 M	■	59 O	■	60 D
61 B	62 Q	63 X	64 R	■	65 O	66 a	■	67 L	68 A	■	69 A	70 E	71 B	■	72 G	73 A	74 R	■
75 T	76 V	77 W	■	78 S	79 C	80 F	81 D	82 A	■	83 F	84 J	85 E	86 C	■	87 L	88 Y	89 P	■
90 U	91 M	92 S	■	93 T	94 V	95 L	■	96 W	97 P	98 G	99 I	■	100S	101T	102N	103Z	■	104Q
105R	■	106D	107X	108T	109W	110N	111V	112B	113P	114F	■	115A	116U	■	117B	118D	119F	120Y
121E	122C	■	123M	124C	125F	■	126R	127Q	128P	129V	130Y	131A	132J	■	133U	134A	■	135K
136A	■	137U	138M	139X	■	140Y	141U	142L	■	143B	144K	145R	■	146W	147S	148K	149M	150U
■	151Z	152W	153U	■	154P	155N	156J	157X	158T	159V	160Z	■	161Y	162N	163B	164Z	■	165F
166D	167P	168K	■	169G	170T	171Y	■	172Q	173N	174W	■	175K	176P	177E	178L	179Q	180H	181V
■	182A	183S	■	184P	185J	186Y	187Z	188R	189E	190L	■	191X	192J	■	193H	194U	■	195B
196Z	197Y	■	198J	199L	200Y	201E	202K	203V	204X	205B	■	206C	207P	■	208D	209G	210K	■

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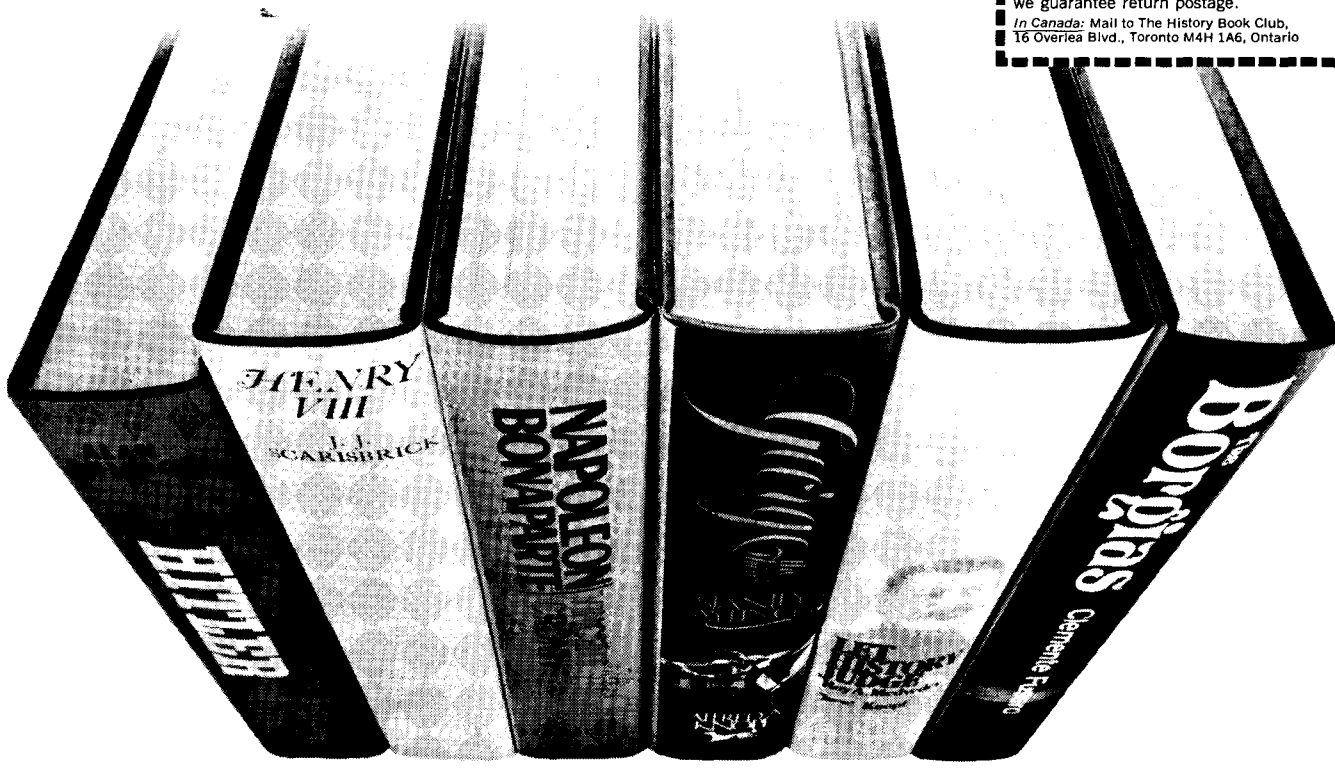

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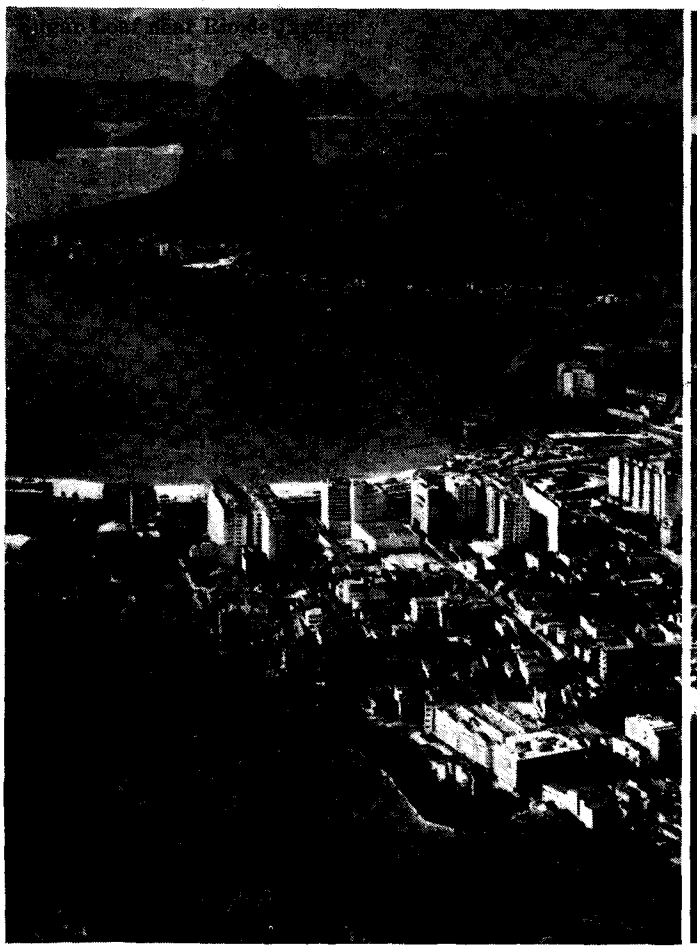

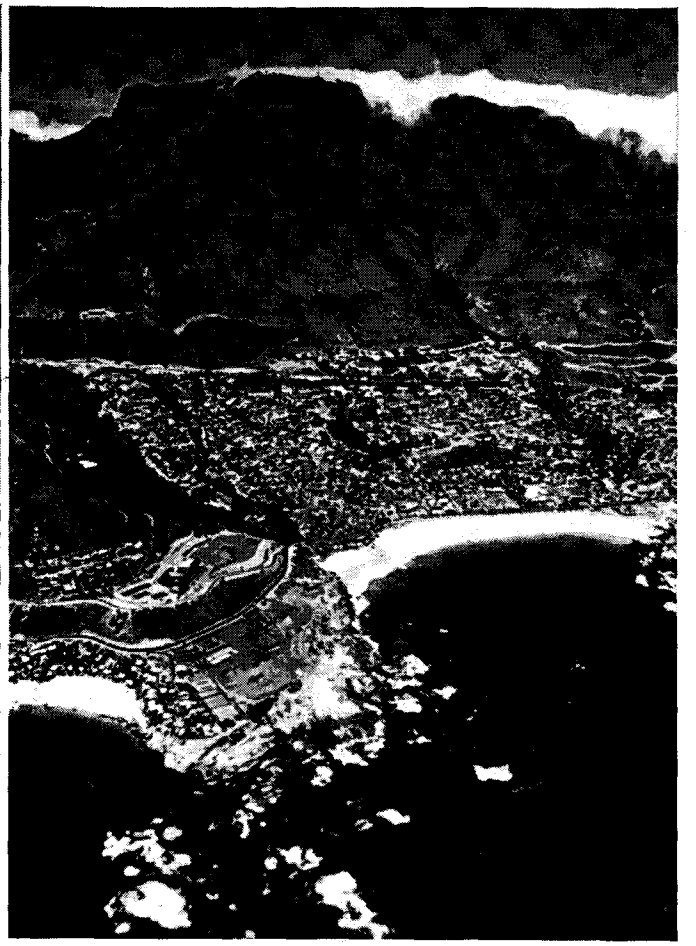

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